

DON-*His Recollections*



WILLARD A. PAUL



JOHN A. SEAVERNS

DON
HIS RECOLLECTIONS



Painting by Grace Loring Basset

D O N

The Day the Doctor Bought Him

DON

HIS RECOLLECTIONS

BY
WILLARD A. PAUL, M.D.

ILLUSTRATED BY
GRACE LORING BASSET

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THE AUTHOR WISHES TO DEDICATE THIS LITTLE
BOOK OF STORIES TO THE MOST LOYAL FRIEND
THAT HUMANS AND ANIMALS COULD POSSIBLY HAVE

MRS. J. B. SPEED

AUTHOR'S NOTE

WHEN I was a boy not ten years old there came into our part of the country (as was the custom in those days) an old-fashioned religious revival. Everybody was more or less stirred up as to the future. I can remember my father talking with one of our neighbors, a prosperous farmer, a man who had in material things lived a good life, but who never was religiously inclined. My father had been arguing that if we did about right here we should live and remember, know each other and be happy in the future. The part of their conversation that made an impression upon me and started me to thinking (I might say it was the beginning of my ideas and outline of the future) was this neighbor's final summing up: "I tell you, Dan," he said, "there's nothing in it. It's all bosh and nonsense: when you're dead, you're dead, just like a horse!"

Of course my mind was fully made up then that

we all lived, that there is a future; the only thing that disturbed me was the future of the horse and the dog, — the animal; and from that moment I have had no doubts as to man and am no less positive regarding the future of the horse or dog.

Shortly after that I became greatly interested in birds and, in company with an elder brother, began a collection of the song birds of our immediate neighborhood. We provided ourselves with books necessary to an understanding of the birds, — the time of collecting, how and where to find them and all the methods of preparing them. We continued this work for two or three months, and had collected several hundred specimens, when, all in a minute, I was seized with the idea that I could not kill another bird.

The last bird I killed was the woodthrush. He fell fluttering to the ground, life not quite extinct, and as I seized his delicate throat between my thumb and forefinger (the book had minutely described how to end the little feathered friend's suffering quickly and painlessly), his mate or some other member of the thrush family began to sing their beautiful song, perhaps the sweetest strain in

all nature, — and I was changed in the twinkling of an eye. I have never since been able to kill a bird. I almost felt at the moment that it was that bird's other self singing — the one which I held behind me that I might not see its struggling form while its little life ebbed out between my thumb and forefinger.

The horse and the dog and the lives of our exquisitely beautiful song birds were thus early in my life taken care of as to their true psychological standing; but the lower order of animal life did not reach that height in my understanding until a much later date, and I was quite willing to hunt and to destroy the lives of the little burrowing animals of the fields, and the fish — for pleasure. But this, too, received the final shock. Long after I came to man's estate I spent a month fishing with a party of friends upon the beautiful and grand river, little known to the majority of people in America, Nipigon; — and lest it may seem a myth to you, I will say that it is the outlet of Lake Nipigon in Canada, running a course of twenty-five miles into Thunder Bay at Red Rock on the northern shore of Lake Superior. I was never a

good fisherman, but during that month I had destroyed many of the most beautiful trout that ever sported in the clear spring water of that river. The last one I caught that year, and the last that I have ever caught or have tried to catch, was a beautiful five and three quarter pound speckled trout. As I played him in the beautiful waters of Hamilton pool and he worked me for over an hour (and finally to land him successfully required the help of my two friends and three Indian guides), my grasp of the psychological possibilities of the lower orders of life included not only the horse, the dog and the song birds, but all of the animals, — and the fishes as well; and it has seemed perfectly certain to me that the human family never can come to that state in their progress known as higher civilization so long as the race as a race will submit any animal, whether human or lower, to needless suffering.

I believe that Sherman when he said, "*War is Hell!*" was thinking almost as much of the horse as of man. I never have talked with any of the great generals or army officers who did not, in referring to the awfulness of the battle-field, in-

clude the horse in the sum total of the horrible sufferings.

I was almost going to say that I did not wish to include in my list of friends the man who could look into the dying eyes — those beautiful, pure, liquid eyes — of the deer, and say that he enjoyed the so-called sport of killing the most graceful of all animals below the human.

There is no man or woman who would not be better, — a better Christian, a better man, a better woman, a better father or mother, sister or brother, — by having a close, an intimate friend among the animals.

Since beginning the writing of the autobiography of Don, the great controversy has arisen in regard to the ability of so-called dumb animals to use, in a limited degree, that faculty which we call, in the human, reason. People interested in the subject have ranged themselves on sides, one claiming that animals do have to a greater or less degree the power of reasoning and deducing results from causes, others claiming that their highest attribute is what has been called for hundreds of years, instinct.

Perhaps my personal opinion in the matter will have very little weight; and yet I want to put myself on record. I thoroughly believe, and have believed for years, that animals have a far higher psychological standing than people have been willing to give them. I believe that in many instances animals use a high grade of reasoning power, and that they deduce certain results from certain causes, showing a connected, consecutive line of thought and reasoning.

There is no possible way of explaining Don's doings the night of December 31 and January 1 except, that he reasoned from cause to effect. There is no possible way that Bess could have stopped Jetty when she was running away except by some logical reasoning. I do not think that the horse in one instance, and the dog in the other, thought it all out in words as we do; but the results, to my mind, show conclusively some form of reasoning, some attribute, much higher than instinct.

The stories in this book are, every one, true to the letter. Many of them, in fact all of them, are susceptible of proof by from one to many witnesses.

I believe the great interest taken, and the great amount of discussion indulged in, in the last few years, in relation to this subject is not only beneficial to the animals, but just as beneficial to man; for I believe that we cannot know too much about, or too greatly appreciate our dumb neighbors and friends.

In presenting this Autobiography to the public it is my pleasure, as well as my duty, to acknowledge my great indebtedness to the late Mrs. Margaret C. Barret in writing these stories: her culture, innate humanity and great kindness were a help in every chapter as it passed through her hands; also to my wife, who has read and re-read every word and helped greatly by suggestion and corroboration.

W. A. P.

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D O N

D O N

I

I, MYSELF

I HAVE decided to write an autobiography; I suppose, if it is an autobiography, I shall have to write it. I never thought much about writing until after I came to New England. You know in the West horses, as well as men, think less about writing than they do in Boston. I hadn't lived here so very long before I began to feel that, if I were to get on in Boston, I should have to write a book of some kind. I haven't been so busy since living here, as my master had other horses, and I have had some time to think on this subject. I thought at first I would write about one of my mates; he is such a funny little fellow,—I could write a big book about Prince, but I have decided to write a history of my own life.

I am not like Uncle Tobey, because I can't remember when I was born; but I have heard my

master say that I was twenty-seven years old last September. My birthday is the 15th. It is odd that my birthday should be in September, when most all of my friends' birthdays are in May and June; but Master says it is the 15th of September, and he always gives me something extra on that day, so I have never forgotten it.

As I said before, I can't remember my birth. About the first thing I do remember is running, jumping, frolicking and playing in a large field—a great level tract of land—with my brothers and sisters, uncles and aunts, and my mother. I tell you that was a happy time in my life; we had such fun and such good things to eat!

I remember one day some men came out to visit us. Our master called me up to him, and a tall, dark-complexioned man whom he called Lowell patted me and said: "He is a fine fellow; he is just what I want for a friend of mine, a doctor. I think he will make a great doctor's horse."

I didn't fully realize then what was being said, but it made me proud to think that this gentleman liked me better than the others; and after

they had gone I ran about the field and kicked up my heels, and oh, I never felt so proud in all my life as I did that day because the man thought I was such a fine fellow and would make such a good horse for a doctor.

I didn't see anything more of them for about a month, when one day I looked up and saw our master and this tall, dark man whom he called Lowell, coming towards us again. This time when they called me up to them they put a halter on my head and led me out of the pasture. I heard them say that the doctor had decided to take me and that this man, whose name was Lloyd (Lowell was his first name), was going to take me away.

Then I began to understand that I was really going to leave my home. I tell you that was a sad day. All of the feeling of pride had gone out of me, and I was blue and homesick. I did hate to leave all my brothers and sisters, my mother, and that beautiful field and all that nice sweet grass.

Do you know, I never have had any real grass since. I think about it often. I go out

sometimes with Master and he lets me feed in the highway, but the grass doesn't taste the same to me. My neck is stiff; I can't seem to get my head down to the ground. Then it was just as easy! I could stand and eat grass all day and it wouldn't make my neck ache. No, I have never had any good grass since then. I have talked with many of my friends about it; they have all had grass; every year or two they have a spell of going back to the pastures and eating grass, but I have never been back.

Well, the trade was made; there was no going back on it. Mr. Lloyd took me up to the barn where he had a horse called Jock in a two-wheeled carriage. He got in and led me away from my first colthood home to his place. Mr. Lloyd was a fine man; he seemed to think I was about the best horse that he had ever seen. He cleaned, rubbed, polished and groomed me until I began to get proud again.

In two or three days he took me into the city of Rock Island, Illinois, to see my new master, the doctor. I can remember just how the doctor looked that day when Mr. Lloyd

drove up to the house with me behind the gig. He came out and stroked my nose. He seemed to get right on to my nose at once. I have often wondered if I had a nose so much different from anybody else's; anyway, the doctor always strokes my nose. He looked into my eyes and said: "What beautiful eyes! They almost speak!" I did speak, too, in my horse way, and I am sure he understood me.

They stood a few minutes talking about me and when the doctor took me by the halter to lead me into the stable, my new home, Mr. Lloyd cried: "Hold on; I want to see him once more before you take him away." He rubbed his hand all over my shoulder and back and down each leg; he took my feet in his hands and looked at them and he, too, stroked my nose, and drawing a long breath of satisfaction, exclaimed: "Doctor, you have the finest horse in Rock Island County!"

Before I reached the stable, the doctor's wife came out, and she said *so* much. *She* stroked my nose and admired me: "What a pretty head!" And really so many nice things were

said about me before I got into the barn that I was quite happy, although I did miss my brothers and sisters, and my mother.

II

I AM NAMED AND BROKEN IN

I HAD not found out yet what I should have to do, but the next day Mr. Lloyd came and put a harness on me and put me into the same two-wheeled carriage behind which he had led me from my home a week previous. Then my troubles began. I just didn't know anything. I had seen horses trotting along the road, with harnesses on and hitched to carriages: it seemed easy, but it wasn't. The bridle they put on my head hurt my ears. The big iron thing, that I afterwards learned was a bit, hurt my mouth. They pulled one way and I didn't know what they meant; they pulled the other and I didn't know any more. First I thought I would run away; then I thought I would kick, but Mr. Lloyd was so kind and gentle to me that I just tried to do what he

wanted me to. Before that lesson was over I could walk along quietly; I learned that whichever line he pulled I must turn that way, and I got along first rate. When he took me out, he rewarded me with: "Good fellow. I never saw a colt learn so fast."

Just then the doctor's wife came out and asked what my name was. "Why," Mr. Lloyd said, "he hasn't any name; he is just a colt."

"Well, I'm going to call him *Don*," and Don I have been ever since.

Every day after this Mr. Lloyd came and drove me. I thought it was odd that he should do it every time when I belonged to the doctor, but I afterwards learned that doctors have to work hard and haven't time to drive colts which don't know how to go, and that Mr. Lloyd was teaching me all about the streets, how to go, which way to turn and all that, — what he called *breaking me in*. He didn't break me; he just taught me.

I saw the doctor almost every day, but there seemed to be something the matter with him. He couldn't get into the two-wheeled gig, so

he never went to ride after me. He walked lame; I thought he was a young man, but he walked like an old man. One day I heard him tell Mr. Lloyd that he had fallen and hurt his back and that he had rheumatism. I didn't know what that meant then, but *I do now*; I could write a book on rheumatism. I think, if I am successful in writing this autobiography and people like it, I shall write a book on rheumatism in horses.

Well, pretty soon the doctor's wife began to ride with Mr. Lloyd when he took me out. Then I felt very important. The first time I went up Second Avenue with Mr. Lloyd and the lady behind me, I felt proud. Everybody looked at me and I knew I was being admired.

I heard a man say: "There goes a beautiful horse; he looks like a Morgan." I didn't know then what a Morgan was, but since I have learned all about the Morgan, — I am a Morgan, the finest ancestry a horse can have. You know people in Boston are proud of their ancestors. I didn't think so much about it when I was younger and lived in the West, but since

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I came here I have just lain awake nights and thought about it — so proud to think I am a Morgan!

I remember one day after I came to Boston a friend of the doctor's came out to the barn to see me, and the first thing he said when I turned round and said "How do you do?" (as I always do when any one comes into the barn), was "Why, he is a Morgan!" My master smiled: "You are the first man in Boston to recognize his pedigree."

III

I BECOME THE DOCTOR'S ASSISTANT

THAT is getting ahead of my story; I must go back to Rock Island. Shortly after I came to live with the doctor, he went away. I didn't know when he went: he hadn't said anything to me about it; but I didn't see him for a long time and I wondered what had happened and why he didn't come out to see me. I began to feel hurt; I wanted him to stroke my nose and talk to me about it.

Then I heard Mr. Lloyd ask the doctor's wife when he would return and she said: "He is very much better. I expect him tomorrow."

I never shall forget the day he came back. The doctor's wife drove me herself alone (just think of that!) to the depot way up on Fifth Avenue. I stood looking so proud, when the doctor got off the train and came straight towards me, not a bit lame, quite well. That to me was what people call a Red Letter Day. I don't just know what that means, but it was a happy day. The doctor came up and stroked my nose and said: "Oh, he looks prettier every day. What a beautiful mane and tail he has! And I think he has the most beautiful leg I ever saw on a colt."

From that time on the doctor drove me on his daily rounds, going about the city making calls. He always took my mistress or the stable boy who cared for me. I enjoyed every minute: my master was so kind to me. I had gotten used to the harness and the bit and the bridle. They didn't hurt me, and I just liked to trot up and down the streets carrying the

doctor to this and that house. Everybody spoke to me and the doctor called me his partner.

Perhaps I ought to give some description of myself; so that, if any of the readers of this book should happen to meet me on the street, they might recognize me. My color is what is known as chestnut, and my mane and tail very much the same shade. I am going now to make a confession. I hope nobody will stop reading my book on account of it; but I started out to tell the truth, and I must tell not only the truth but the whole truth: I have four white feet and a white nose!

I remember the first time my master saw me he exclaimed, "Why, Mr. Lloyd, he has four white feet and a white nose!"

Mr. Lloyd said, "What of it?"

"My father always said," replied the doctor:

"One white foot, buy him;

"Two white feet, deny him;

"Three white feet, try him;

"Four white feet and a white nose,

"Take his skin off and give him to the crows."

I didn't learn all of that the first time I heard him say it, but he has said it over so many times that I know it just as well as he does. My master doesn't really believe in that saying and he didn't then; neither do I: I think it is a good thing to have white feet. Anyway, my feet have served me well, all of my life. Most horses have more or less trouble with their feet: corns, quarter cracks and various other troubles. Nothing of that kind has ever come to me, so I am rather in favor of white feet; and the long white strip in my nose I think has been my chief stock-in-trade. I weigh eleven hundred pounds.

One of the earliest recollections I have of living in Rock Island is of apples. The doctor liked apples very much; often when he went out he ate one and always gave me half of it. I have never gotten over my appetite for apples; I like them more than anything else I have ever eaten. The taste of apples is even better to me, if possible, than the memory of the delicious grass I used to eat when I was a little colt. That is why I remember so well the

stable boy, Waldo. He was a high school boy and he would not wear overalls, would wear his best clothes in the stable. That made the doctor a little cross, because he thought Waldo could not take such good care of me if he didn't wear overalls; but he was always good to me: he brushed me every morning, stroked my nose and gave me apples; and I don't believe I should ever forget anybody who stroked my nose and gave me apples.

IV

GENERAL HISTORY

I HAVE heard my master say that biographies are not really biographies, but more or less histories of the times and events of the period in which the person lived whose biography or autobiography is being written. Now, of course my life is indissolubly connected with the people among whom I have lived and the events that have transpired during my life. While the life of a horse could not, in the same sense as the life of a man, be a complete history

of the period in which he has lived, yet even the life of a horse in a limited degree may have to do with the history and events of the time in which he lived.

Were I to write all of the details of every day, my biography would be barren of interest. It would not even have the merit of the "Diary of a Real Boy," which my master has told me about, because mine would not be even funny; neither would it be valuable as history, because ninety-nine days in a hundred have been practically just alike. So, instead of taking up each day or week or month or year, I shall relate events (incidents that are worth more than passing notice), in my own life and in those of my companions and friends, whether horses like myself, or dogs or people.

In the main, all of my own life has been: three meals a day, rubbing and brushing, blankets in winter, sheets in summer, harnessed in the morning and either long or short rounds, usually harnessed in the afternoon and the same humdrum existence; and yet my days have rarely been humdrum. Hardly a day in my

life has passed that something of interest, something that has lifted me up out of mere drudgery, has not happened. Many of the things are very trivial, sometimes just a pleasant word from somebody.

I don't believe people realize how much good a pleasant word does a horse as they pass him on the street, even if the horse never saw the person before and never sees him again. A thousand times my day's work has been made easier by some one, — a man, woman or child, — speaking to me, possibly brushing off a fly, or patting me on the neck or nose. My master says a kind act or word is never lost; I am sure of one thing, that a kind act or word to a horse is never lost. Why, it is almost as much to an animal as his food.

I don't wish to appear to be drawing on my reader's sympathies or trying to create sympathy, but just think of a horse being in the harness all the forenoon and perhaps all the afternoon, standing fifteen minutes here and half an hour there, or an hour at some other place, and no one speaking to him or taking

any notice whatever of his existence! Oh, it is so helpful and does so much good just to say even one pleasant, bright word to a "dumb" animal. I know what I am talking about; I am a horse, have lived a very ordinary, work-a-day horse life; and if there is any purpose in writing this book other than as a pastime and with the hope perhaps of entertaining some one, it is that I may impress this upon everyone, that kindness goes farther with horses and dogs, and I believe all animals, than anything else, farther than any one can imagine.

In relating the things that seem to me of special interest that have happened during my life, it is not my intention to make a connected story, but rather separate, distinct little sketches of things that have actually happened, descriptions of the good times that I have had and the places and things that I have seen and enjoyed.

As you will learn from the different chapters in the book, I have lived a part of my life in the Mississippi Valley where I was born, and a part in New England where I came when I was fifteen years old. So, with this general

history, perhaps more or less an introduction, I shall go on and relate the events which seem to me worth telling, somewhat in the order in which they happened.

V

THE SERMON IN THE GARDEN

I HAVE often heard my master say that the best sermons come from little children, and have a great many times heard him tell his friends the story I am about to relate. I was myself present when it occurred, and remember all of the details. It happened when I had been with the doctor a year or two. I remember at this time the Reverend S. S. Cryor and family lived in the house with my master. They had a large old-fashioned, rambling house, grounds and stable, the first place in which I lived after I came to be the doctor's horse.

One day my master and mistress were out in the garden at work among the flowers, and the

three little Cryor children were playing about with them. They were beautiful and interesting children. My mistress was particularly fond of them. Very likely they were not so different from other children; but we seemed to think they were. Sydney, the eldest, was such a little man at six. I can see his small, white intelligent face and his deep dark eyes as he would look up at me when I was hitched in the front yard, and I fancy I can hear him explaining to his two younger brothers: "Don't be afraid; Don won't hurt you." Little Clark was different from his larger brother, — of course there is a great difference between four and six! They were never separated from each other, and seldom from little Teddy, the two-year old baby. They made a pretty picture running and playing in the garden. It seemed as if they never disagreed and they were not always crying as so many children I have seen. Teddy called his brothers "Shinny" and "Flark," but when referring to them in connection with himself he would say grandly, "Us boys!" — "Oh, let's us boys give Old Don

some grass"; and off the three mites would scamper to gather great handfuls of fresh grass from the fence corners and hold up for me to eat.

On the day of which I am speaking, I had been harnessed and left standing near the stable facing the house and garden, waiting for Master to come out with me and make calls. Bess, a playful, romping puppy, a thoroughbred Gordon setter, had just come to live with us. She was frisking about the yard, playing with the children. Gyp, an English setter, and my special friend at that time, was there also, dividing his attention impartially among us. Gyp always had an air of great responsibility, as if we were all his especial charges.

In the midst of this gaiety, a shabby, cringing dog came into the yard, creeping up to see if he could not get into the game and enjoy life a little with the others, who seemed so very happy. When my mistress discovered him she gave a start of dismay, and shook her skirts at him crying, "Get out of here, you mangy cur!"

Now comes the sermon. Little Clark, his lip quivering, whimpered in his baby voice, "Don't! Mebbe him ain't dot any home."

I saw tears in my master's eyes. He often says that he never heard a sermon which made such an impression upon his whole life as did those few baby words. I don't know that it was little Clark's sermon which made him especially kind to dogs, but I do know that he always has been; and a little later I am going to tell you more about our experiences with dogs, — I say "our": I feel that everything connected with my master's family for the last twenty-five years is *ours*.

VI

ROCK ISLAND ISLAND

THE WOOD DRIVES TO THE "MONARCH"

WHEN I first began to work, the condition of the streets in Rock Island was much different from that of a few years later. There were very few pavements; most of the streets were of soft earth,

and of course they were very muddy in the fall and spring. Later, when more of the streets were paved with brick, they were very hard on one's feet, and there was a great contrast between the brick-paved streets of the city and stone-paved Island Avenue, and the beautiful woodsy roads of soft earth upon the Island itself.

One of the greatest treats of the earlier years of my life was going over to the Island and winding through those delightfully cool drives. Perhaps everyone does not know that there are miles and miles of these drives, just natural wood-dirt roads through the forests of the Island. There was one main avenue extending three miles through the whole Island, hard macadam road, and one or two similar roads crossed the Island; but all the others were of the sylvan type.

I remember one drive in particular: turning from the Main Avenue to the right, we crossed the spur track of railroad and went into the deep woods, along by the water power the east side of the Island, — a long drive of soft black

earth. It was never dusty, and we never went there when it was muddy; hence it was always delightful driving, so easy on one's feet.

We went that way often, for about half the distance up the drive was an enormous tree, (the "Monarch"), enormous for that section which has usually been regarded as a treeless country. General Flagler had had seats made, and a place where horses could stand, and we always stopped when we got there. Master would get out and sit looking up into the tree. I have heard him so many times say that it was a big tree for the West, but that it would not amount to much in the East. He seemed to think there were no trees in that part of the West; and, since I have lived in New England, I agree with him: we do have such lovely trees in New England. Still, the "Monarch" was a fine tree. I guess everybody in the three cities at some time or other in their lives had visited the "Monarch."

We used to go through the woods gathering wild flowers. My master had a special permit from General Flagler to study botany upon the

Island, and he could pick flowers anywhere and at all times. If any of the guards saw him, all he had to do was to show his pass; but most of the guards knew him and he rarely had to do this.

While there are beautiful parks and boulevards and trees in New England, no place in all the world could be to me quite like the Island and its lovely woodsy drives.

VII

A DOG'S APPRECIATION

PERHAPS right here will be a good time to tell another dog story. We were driving one day, master, mistress and myself, along the bottom-land near the Mississippi River, between Rock Island and Rock River. It was in what is known as South Rock Island. There was no regular road, but a private wood-path, through which people sometimes drove. I think my master was down there exploring, looking for birds, — just resting.

I remember seeing on that trip the worst looking little colt! His mane and tail were full of burdock burrs, and he looked so thin and scrawny, I felt almost ashamed to think he belonged to the horse family; but he ran away, and we could not catch him or do anything for him.

Farther along—I was walking slowly, Master and Mistress talking about the birds and scenery — we saw a big, cross-looking dog, as large as a calf, lying beside the road. He really frightened me and I shied; I don't know but that I came very near tipping them over. The doctor told me not to be afraid. He made me stop opposite the dog, and started to get out, but Mistress exclaimed: "Oh, don't! The dog might bite you."

"He won't bite me," said the doctor; "he is in trouble: he is sick or has broken his leg, or has something in his foot."

I myself felt that the dog would bite him, but he walked right up to him talking in soothing tones: "Poor old fellow! What's the matter?"

The dog at first looked cross, but I could see his face change as the doctor came nearer and put one hand on his head, reaching down with the other to take hold of the foot, and talking all of the time: "Well, old boy, if you're in trouble, let me help you."

The dog showed his teeth but not in an angry way, rather in fear lest he be hurt, or as an expression of pain. My master gently stroked one leg and then the other, and finally picked up the foot that was swollen. He could see it had been bleeding and there was matter all over it. On close inspection he found a large thorn had pierced entirely through the soft part of one of the toes; and that the dog in trying to remove it, had gnawed off the end of the thorn, so of course could not pull it out. The doctor found he couldn't remove it with his fingers, and went back to the buggy for his forceps.

I remember so well how the dog watched him and listened while he talked: "Good old fellow! I won't hurt you; I'll take that thing out and you will soon be well." With the forceps he

got hold of the end of the thorn, the dog growling or groaning (I couldn't tell which from where I stood), and finally said: "There! It's out; don't you feel better?"

The dog wagged his tail, licked Master's hand, whined and in other ways showed his appreciation of the service rendered him.

VIII

I RUN AWAY

I THINK the most of my story will be about the good things that I have done, and that may seem egotistical; but I really shall try to relate things just as they happened, and if I am to tell all the good and useful things, I suppose I ought to tell the other side also.

I had been with the doctor but a short time when I got loose one day in the stable. We then lived on Fourth Avenue, and as the door was open, and no one there to prevent me, I slipped out into the alley. In most western cities nearly

every street is paralleled by an alley, so there are just as many and just as long alleys as streets; and when I stepped out of the stable door, I was loose in the alley and free to go where I would. How I did run up and down that alley, and what a noise I made, and how many people came out to their back fences to see me go tearing up and down. It was a time when my master was away, but my mistress soon discovered that I was out, and she and the man tried to induce me to come in.

I remember seeing the man (he was a Swede by the name of Oscar) come creeping up to me with a pail of oats, trying to fool me into thinking he only wanted to feed me. I knew just as well as he did that he wanted to catch me, but I took his oats until he started to put his hand on top of my head; then I was gone. Oscar failing, my mistress took the pail and tried to coax me, and I ate the oats from the pail for her; but when I saw Oscar stealing up behind me, I kicked up my heels and ran. I kept those poor people busy nearly all that afternoon, and when I was tired out and

had had fun enough, I let Oscar walk up to me and put the halter on, and I went back to the stable.

I headed this confession, "I Run Away," but I didn't really. I didn't get five blocks from home, and about all I did do was to prance up and down that alley and keep my people chasing me. People are apt to think a horse has no sense of humor. I want everybody who reads this book to distinctly understand that I have had lots of fun in my time, and usually at the expense of some human, as in this case.

Later, after I came to Boston, I did run away. It was in the spring of the year when it was muddy, and I think my master was busy and felt that he could get around better without me than with me; so I had been left for weeks practically all of the time in the stable; and I was crazy to get out, to roll in the grass, run up and down the streets and see things. I felt every fiber in my body alive and I really watched for an opportunity to get away. I don't think I had any idea of leaving my home and my master, but I wanted to get out, to

run, to kick up my heels, to smell the earth and breathe the fresh air.

My hour came. The man always unsnapped the rope from my halter when he let me drink. One day while I was drinking at the trough he took his hand from my halter to get something back in the stable and I realized that this was my chance. I gave one bound and was out in the driveway, and with two more I was in the street, and off. I didn't know where I was going, but I ran and trotted and galloped until I had left my home and stable far behind.

The man was very much frightened; he started after me crying, "Whoa, Don, whoa!" You could as easily have stopped an engine with *whoa* as stopped me that morning. I was out to see the world and get fresh air into my lungs and have some fun once more. I hadn't lived here long and hadn't been around so much, but I knew in which direction Franklin Park was and I headed for it. I was soon in that big, beautiful place, and I jumped over the road and walks and was out in the field and plantations eating the grass, rolling on the ground and

having the very best time that I ever remember having in my grown-up life.

Pretty soon I saw the man coming. We called him "Old John"; I don't know why. He was not very old but that was his name. He too had a pail of oats. I wonder why it is that, when anybody starts out to catch a horse, he always takes a pail of oats. Do people think that a horse has no ideas or aspirations above his stomach? Nobody ever got me with a pail of oats. I like oats, but when I am out for a lark, I prefer the lark to the oats. So I let Old John get almost up to me, coaxing me with the oats (I didn't want oats anyway; I preferred the grass), and when he was within about ten feet of me, I bounded away.

By this time I was way over in the Playstead. I had a great time over there. The grass had got a good start; it was in the condition that the farmers in the west describe as "up to your eyes." Here I had my first encounter with a Boston policeman, and he wasn't really a Boston but a park policeman. I have since learned to like the park policemen; I know nearly all of

them and they know me, know my name, and often stop and speak to me. I believe my master thinks they are speaking to him, but I know in reality they are talking to me.

But this was before I had any particular reputation in Boston, and the policeman tried to get me out of the Playstead. I just played with him; when he came too near me, I moved off to some other part; and I stayed there for an hour or more. By and by I spied John and the same policeman coming towards me. Old John had the halter and the pail of oats. Well, I was rather tired of it, so when he got near me, I trotted off towards home. I was soon out of the park, and I have never been in the park since except to drive.


When I got down near the barn, half a dozen people with my master and mistress, were out trying to head me into the barn. I felt offended at this, — as if I didn't know enough to go home! If they had let me alone, I should have gone into the barn; but, as they seemed inclined, I thought I would give them a little chase; so I galloped off down Standish Street

to Wescott Street and down Wescott Street to Talbot Avenue. They were building the railroad bridge over Talbot Avenue. It wasn't even nearing completion, and there was just room for me to get under it. Under I went and scampered off up Talbot Avenue towards Washington Street, with the whole family and half the neighborhood following me.

I began to feel tired and had had enough of it for one day, so up somewhere near Spencer Street I let my master come up to me. I licked his hand and made no resistance when he took hold of my halter, and we walked off to the barn. I tell you that was a great day: I had a fine outing!

IX

ROCK ISLAND ARSENAL

FTER writing about the drives and woods upon the Island of Rock Island, it occurred to me that perhaps I was selfish in describing only the things that had particularly appealed to me as a horse. Pos-

sibly some one who reads these little sketches might like to know something about Rock Island, just what it is and what it is used for. While such a description might not seem exactly in the line of the autobiography of a horse, yet I don't know any one thing that has come more prominently into my life than the Island, or the Arsenal as it is usually called, the whole Island being owned by the United States Government and used as a manufacturing arsenal.

Away back in the earlier years of the last century it was the scene of many stirring events, and had much to do with the history of that section of the country. On the lower point of the Island there was a little fort, consisting of some block houses and store houses, called Fort Armstrong, garrisoned by United States soldiers. The object of this fort and garrison was the protection of the settlers from the various bands of Indians who originally inhabited this section of the country, prominent among whom were the tribes of Sacs and Foxes, Chief Black Hawk being the central figure in all of these Indian wars.

At one time somewhere in the middle of the last century Jefferson Davis, as a lieutenant in the regular army, was commandant of this little fort; and a singular coincidence, and perhaps an especially interesting bit of history of this section, lies in the fact that at about this time Rock Island received large accessions to its population from what was known as the border southern states. And so there clustered about this fort, which was afterwards to take such a commanding position in the history of the country, many southern people, one of whom was to become the chief figure in the great movements of the Confederacy. We think of Massachusetts and New England as having been the backbone (perhaps with New York and Pennsylvania added) of the support of the Union Armies and the Union Cause in the time of the great Civil War; but Illinois of all the states was the stanchest, and gave most in men and officers and generals, besides giving us the greatest of all — the president, Abraham Lincoln.

It might be of interest to add here that Rock

Island itself, from one of these same southern families, gave to the Cause of the Union and the country one of the most brilliant of all our northern generals, who, but for his untimely death, would certainly have stood side by side with Sherman and Sheridan: General John Buford.

My master has always taken special interest in the Island and its history, because so many of our intimate friends were associated so closely with it, either in person or through family connection. The two brothers of General John Buford were for fifteen years our nearest neighbors, and among our closest friends; and there were no people in all of Rock Island whom I, as a horse, knew better or who knew me better than these two brothers.

The Island was once the home of Colonel Davenport, one of the earliest settlers of that region, from whom the city of Davenport takes its name. It was a prison and recruiting station in the time of the Civil War, and was finally all purchased by the United States Government and converted to its present use,

that of a great national arsenal and park. It also has a national cemetery for both the Union and Confederate soldiers, and in the center of the highest land is located one of the largest manufacturing arsenals in the world.

This arsenal was designed by General Rodman. The execution of these designs was largely carried out by Colonel Flagler, who was afterwards Chief of Ordnance. How well I remember the Colonel: his huge form, his leonine head, but a heart as tender as that of a — horse. I have heard my master say that he has seen him shed tears over little things that would usually draw tears only from women and children: a big man with strong features, big hands, big feet, big face, and if you told him that a bird had lost its young or hurt a wing, and if you described it well, he would cry, — one of the most lovable men I ever knew.

I have been to his house a great many times, as we always went there when the Colonel or his wife, son or daughter was sick. His home was called the Commandant's house, and it was an ideal place. It was surrounded by more

of those beautiful trees for which the Island is noted. There was a beautiful greenhouse; there were smooth, well-kept lawns; there were lovely birds, and Colonel Flagler (he was afterwards made General) kept horses and a lot of fine cows. It was truly a charming country home.

Then on the west side of the Island, facing the main channel of the Mississippi, were the homes of the subordinate officers. I remember many of those men, but I will not try to enumerate them.

Colonel Flagler left the Island to take a higher position in the Ordnance service before we left Rock Island. How badly everybody felt and how badly the Colonel felt! The first time we went to see him after he received the word that he was to be transferred, I saw him through the large window as he looked up from his desk, and his eyes were filled with tears because he was going away.

But I started out to describe the Arsenal. It is not my intention to give a description in detail. That can be found in histories and in

other books relating to this subject. I want to tell you only a little about it.

The main Arsenal consisted of ten immense solid stone, three-story buildings, furnishing acre upon acre of floor space for all kinds of machinery necessary to the producing of ordnance. I remember General Flagler telling my master one day that it would be possible in times of war for that Arsenal to arm and equip complete ten thousand men in a day, furnishing everything necessary to a campaign, that over twenty thousand men could be employed there in times of war; — and then the General's face assumed that peculiar, kindly, far-away expression and he added, "But I hope that it will never be used." I think perhaps it was this spirit that drew us so near to him.

The thing about the Island that always seemed to attract my master, and so of course interested me, was the water power. Few people realize that the Mississippi — at this point so broad and having such an enormous volume of water — is utilized as a water power



THE GATES OF THE ARSENAL

to make the wheels of this great Arsenal go round.

This water power is formed by placing a dam across the smallest part of the river, which is separated from the main river by the Island of Rock Island. The island is at a place in the river known as the Rapids, so that the current is quite swift, and in the length of the Island, which is three miles, there is a fall of something like seven to nine feet. By damming this very small part of the river and then blasting and digging out the lower part of this channel for a tail-race, the Government has a water power with a fall of about nine feet and practically the whole Mississippi behind it. Upon this dam, which is one of the finest structures of the kind in the world, of solid stone and masonry, is built the wheel-house and power-house that furnish the power.

It has been thought by some an odd place to build an arsenal, so far from either sea-coast, but the idea of the Government officials who had charge of establishing the Arsenal was to have it entirely inland and safe from inva-

sion, and also central for distribution; and perhaps chiefly because it was upon one of the greatest water ways of the country as well as of the whole world.

X

FORTY-FIVE MILES SAVED

I DON'T intend (I presume it would not be proper) to tell too much about my master's business or his successes; and yet, wherein they particularly affected me, and especially if I took unusual interest in them, I see no impropriety in my relating some of these experiences. I am going to tell something now about the Princess. That was not her name, and I believe she was not a real princess; although my master always called her "The Princess," and I know she was a royal good child.

The title of this chapter may seem odd, so I am going to explain right here why I have given it. That is just the number of miles (forty-five) that we saved by my master driving me to

the front entrance of the house of the Princess rather than to the rear, down by the stable where there was a sheltered place and where he usually drove me when I went to this house. During the period of which I am writing he went there so many times, and so often, that he felt to save time he would have to leave me standing in front of the house in a more or less exposed position, as the distance was three or four hundred feet less. I heard my master say that he had carefully figured it up and he had saved forty-five miles of travel.

The Princess had just come into the family, and oh, they were so proud and fond of her; because there had been no little girls in the family for nearly forty years. She had been here only a day when this severe illness came upon her. She was so very sick that my master stayed there nearly all of the time for several days, and when he was away his assistant, Dr. G —, was there; so that the little patient was not left without the watchful care of one or the other of the physicians for many days. By and by she got better and seemed to be all right.

Master *was* greatly pleased and all of the family were happy.

When the Princess was just two weeks old, she was again taken very sick; and, although Master was still going several times a day to see her, this new illness came on when he was not there. He was hastily summoned in the night and I remember how fast he drove me. When he arrived all was confusion. It seemed as if the little lady could live but a very short time. The man drove me right back for Dr. G——, and before morning they had summoned two other physicians in consultation and to assist.

Of course in my long experience I have heard a great deal about temperatures, or heat of the body. When people are sick, they are much hotter than when they are well; the temperature is higher. I know this myself: if I have a cold, I am unusually warm,—my temperature is higher. When I have sprained my ankle or hurt my knee, I have heard my master say that my foot and leg were hot.

Well, this night about which I am writing, after the other two doctors arrived (there were

four of them altogether), they came down into the front hall to talk over the case, and I heard my master say, "That is the highest temperature I have ever seen." They all agreed that it was the highest they had ever seen. They talked a good deal about it and each one said he would not have believed it had he not seen it, and would not have taken the record of any one or two thermometers; but, as all four had taken the temperature with four different thermometers, and as in each instance it registered 109, they could not doubt it.

In a little while the other two doctors left, and pretty soon Dr. G—— came out and drove me away leaving my master at the house. He stayed there all that day. I carried Dr. G—— up every three or four hours, but my master never left the house. I afterwards learned that he worked upon the Princess all day, and before night was rewarded, having removed the cause of the little sufferer's serious condition; her temperature had dropped to nearly normal and she was safe. The disease had made such ravages on so young a child, however, that it required

a great deal of care and attention to get her back to normal babyhood, and we went there two or three times every day for the next three weeks; i.e., we saved forty-five miles travel in five weeks.

As I am writing these lines about the little Princess, telling of her tiny babyhood and her serious illnesses, she is a charming young lady of twenty-two with admirers of her grace and beauty and sweetness all over two hemispheres. I love to tell this little story of the Princess, for I know that her father and mother, grand-mamma and aunt were among the best friends my master and I ever had.

XI

A YOUTHFUL ESCAPE

WHEN I was four years old my master thought I was a well-broken, steady old horse; and I thought so myself. It seemed to me that I had always been a horse driving round the streets of Rock Island. I

had gotten so I knew all parts of the three cities and felt quite at home in my stable, in the harness and in the carriage driving about; and thought I was, as my master had said repeatedly, a perfectly safe horse for a lady to drive. In fact my mistress often drove me.

One day, however, my master had planned to take a trip about fifteen miles into the country, to the town of Reynolds. I didn't know anything about the proposed trip, and when I was hitched up and finally started out I supposed it was on my regular rounds; but we kept on driving towards the country, out through South Rock Island to the town of Sears, through Sears and over the five bridges which span the five different channels of Rock River at this point, on through Milan and Turkey Hollow and Edgington, — and I began to change.

That city steadiness left me; the old life of the fields came back to me and I was a colt again. I had forgotten all of my civilization; the harness galled, irritated, fretted me; I

didn't like the buggy shafts; I didn't like the lines, and the whip that my master had to use (I don't blame him now) made me cross. I finally became almost unmanageable. As we drew nearer and nearer to our destination, I became harder and harder to drive; and really the last mile I was entirely beside myself. We finally came up to Mr. Bradford's, the gentleman whom we were going to visit, with my master leading me; he positively couldn't drive me. I heard him say to Mr. Bradford:

"I started with a nice, steady horse; I have arrived with a wild, fiery war horse. I don't know what to do with him."

They unhitched me and put me into the barn, and that spirit of the wild colt stayed with me. They tried to harness me on Sunday, but nobody could drive me. I know my master was very much distressed about me; I believe he thought I was ruined, and that he would have sold me pretty cheap that day.

I hate to finish this little story; but, as I started it, I am going to tell the truth. It came Monday morning and the doctor had to

return to his work. With the help of two men they tried hitching me up and he thought he could drive me home; but he could not. Mr. Bradford said I was not safe, so I was left in the barn in disgrace, and Mr. Bradford had one of his horses harnessed and my master and mistress were taken to the station and went home by train.

The next day I was led into Rock Island crestfallen, a sadder and wiser horse. The old scenes at the stable and the streets and the business soon tamed me down, and I was again the safe horse.

XII

GYP

I HAVE told you of some of my earlier experiences with men; I want to talk with you a little more about my experiences with, and observation of, animals. When I say animals I do not mean horses; men call horses animals, but they do not seem like animals to me; they seem more like folks,—not just

like men, but nearer to men than all the other animals which I have met. So when I speak of animals I mean dogs and cows and cats.

The first animal that I remember anything particular about — that is, anything of special interest in connection with my life — was Gyp. He was a beautiful white-and-liver dog, rather large; I think I heard my master say once that he weighed fifty pounds. He was what is known as an English setter, I believe. I describe Gyp somewhat definitely, because later in my life I had a great many experiences with dogs, and especially setters, but another breed of setters than the English.

I remember Gyp almost the first of my going to the doctor's home. Gyp was always there. Gyp always went out with us when we went to drive. Gyp was always with the doctor when he made his calls; and, from the very start, Gyp seemed to be part and parcel of our daily routine.

But, as strange as it may seem, Gyp did not belong to us. I say "us"; I mean our family.

He belonged to a gentleman who lived in Rock Island by the name of Hearst, Hon. E. W. Hearst. I have heard my master tell how he happened to become attached to us. My master and Mr. Hearst formerly had an office together, and Gyp would go to the office with his master. In that way he got acquainted with the doctor and liked him better perhaps than his own master, because the doctor was constantly going out, here and there, and Gyp, like all other dogs, liked to be doing something; hence Gyp was usually with us.

I can remember that he would as a rule be at the house the first thing in the morning, and would go into the stable as soon as it was opened. He would always come and sniff at my heels as much as to say: "Good morning, Don; how are you? Did you have a pleasant night?"

He would frisk about, rush to the house and back again dozens of times, doing all in his power to help us get started on our daily rounds. He would stay with us all day long and would not go home until I had been put into the barn

and the door closed for the night. Then I have heard my master say he would go to the house, ask to be let in and sort of finish up the day properly. When the doctor would open the door and say: "Now Gyp, better go home; it's all over for today," Gyp would go slowly out, turn on the steps and look back at him inquiringly. I have heard Master say Gyp's eyes were so intelligent, he could understand what Gyp was saying by looking at them.

"Yes," Master would say, "I'm honest with you, Gyp; we're not going to do any more today. Good night."

Then sometimes he would go home, but Master said he often stayed about until the lights went out, when he would start for home, a mile distant. Mr. Hearst said Gyp would scratch on the door to get in, and when he had eaten his supper, would go down cellar to sleep.

I remember hearing Mr. Hearst say one day as we stood before the office door: "Gyp, you rascal! You work for the doctor all the time, but you sleep and feed on me. It's all right, though. If you get more fun that way I'm

satisfied. I believe in getting all the fun out of life that we can if we don't do any harm."

As Gyp and I got better acquainted, he used to come into my stable and lie down in front of me. At first he was afraid that I would bite him, but he soon knew better although I would often open my mouth and take his whole neck in as if I were going to bite him, — of course I could not bite a dog that trusted me.

Before very long, I think after he had been with me almost a year, someone gave the doctor a beautiful Gordon setter pup. I remember the first day she came to the house. Gyp didn't like it. He sulked all day, went home early and didn't come back the next day until noon. He didn't seem very happy for several days, but after a while he got used to the puppy and seemed to like her or to look upon her as a necessary evil. He went back to his daily rounds, coming early in the morning and staying until everything was closed up at night. He would even sometimes condescend to run and play with the puppy.

My mistress named the puppy after she had

been there about a week. Someone asked my master one day what her name was and he said he was going to think it over and get a good one. The next day Mistress came out and patted the puppy and said:

“Hello, Bess. Your name is to be Bess for short; Elizabeth is your full name, but we shall call you Bess.” And Bess she was for more than twelve years of our happy, close friendship.

But I am telling you now about Gyp. Gyp stayed on until Bess was a large, full-grown, fine dog. Bess was a Gordon, as I have said before; — I have heard my master say, a perfect Gordon, a prize Gordon. You know the Gordon is liver-and-black with a fine white line in the breast. I think my master was rather more proud of Bess than he was of me: I have heard him say that she was a thorough-bred; I never heard him say that about me, but I was never jealous of her because she was so small, beautiful and lovable.

Still, all of this time Gyp was my favorite. He was always with me all day. I don't think I ever went out to drive with the doctor a

single day that Gyp was not along, running ahead, chasing the sparrows, chasing chickens, having a good time, — happy, always laughing. I like to see a dog laugh and full of fun.

XIII

GYP TAKES PART IN THE EASTER SERVICE

GYP always had a sense of humor and has laughed in his quiet dog way many times about our various escapades together. One of the most amusing of these was Gyp's attendance at Easter service with Master and Mistress. Part of this I know of my own knowledge; the rest Gyp and Master have told many times.

My master and mistress one Easter morning drove me to the ferry which they took to go to Davenport. As Gyp always followed me whenever I went out, of course Master thought that he would stay with me and go back when I went. The man met us at the ferry. Master

and Mistress got out of the buggy and went into the ferry, and Gyp started to follow them. Master told him to go back and stay with me.

Gyp seemed to feel that it was all over so far as I was concerned, that I was going back to the barn and there would be no fun with me, that the fun was ahead with Master; so he insisted on going to the ferry, and, in spite of all my master could do, he went. I can see Gyp now as he sneaked aboard the ferry at the rear entrance. He told me afterwards he skulked into the boiler room where my master could not find him, and when the boat had pulled out into the stream he appeared on the scene cheerful and happy, wagging his tail and with (so my master said) a broad grin on his face.

I have heard Master tell how they tried to get rid of him: when they got to Davenport, he took Gyp up into the cabin after all the passengers were out and shut him in there, and then he and Mistress hurried off the boat and up the street. Gyp, of course, stayed in the cabin only until some passengers, who were to return with the boat, opened the door, when he

scurried off the boat and up the hill; and, in almost less time than it takes to tell it, he was with my master. They hadn't time to go back with him and they didn't know what to do with him, so they let him follow on, thinking they could arrest him at the church.

They walked up the hill to the cathedral, as they were going to attend Easter service in the Davenport cathedral of the Episcopal Church. Gyp was having a glorious time, running everywhere, chasing cats or anything that came his way. When they got to the church, my master said to one of the ushers that came to the door: "Here is a dog following me; he is not my dog (you know Gyp did not really belong to my master), and I don't want him to go into the church with me."

The usher with smiling assurance accepted the charge: "I will take care of him; you leave him to me," and he took Gyp by the collar, carried him to the outer door and tried to make him go away. But Gyp only waited until his back was turned and ran back to the church. The man seized him again by the collar and put

him into a little closet where the janitor kept brushes and brooms and other things in relation to the church cleaning. I don't know how long Gyp stayed there, but not long, as someone who wanted something there opened the door, and Gyp bounded out; and, just as the service was beginning, he marched down the aisle, looking neither to the right nor to the left, until he got to the chancel-rail. He walked up into the pulpit, and as he saw no one there that he recognized walked back again.

Up this aisle and down that went Gyp looking for someone that he knew. Master sat way back in the church, crouched down in the pew as far out of sight as he could get, thinking how much he would give if he were at home. Gyp kept right on with his search until he located the pew; then, with a sigh of relief, he walked in and threw himself on the floor in front of my master and mistress, much to their chagrin and discomfiture.

My master had tried ever since he reached the church to appear as if he did not know Gyp; but, when Gyp walked into the pew and threw

himself down almost on his feet, my master said he looked so guilty, that anyone who saw him must have known the dog really belonged to him.

Gyp never moved during the entire service; but, just as the rector was pronouncing the benediction, something disturbed Gyp's sleep and he gave a short, sharp bark, bringing the attention of the entire congregation to the pew and to my master and mistress.

XIV

GYP'S LAST TRIP

I AM tempted to end here my story about Gyp; it makes me sad to finish, but perhaps by this time you have become interested in him and would like to know about him. He continued to come to us, just as he had before, all of the second year until about Christmas time; I know it was very cold, and it was in December. One day we were very busy; we had made a half dozen calls and had on hand from the day before a lot more to make. Gyp

was with us running around as usual. I remember how happy he was. My master was up on Seventh Avenue making a call at Mr. Waters', when all of a sudden I noticed Gyp acting strangely. He was running round in a circle and kept falling down, his legs all stiff. Once he tried to get into the buggy. Someone across the street (Mrs. Shroeder whom we were going to visit next) looked out of the window and called:

“Hello, Gyp! What’s the matter?”

Gyp paid no attention but kept running round, and Mrs. Shroeder hurried across the street and rang the door-bell. My master came to see what was the trouble and she told him Gyp was sick. He rushed out appearing much frightened, and tried to take hold of him, but Gyp jumped up and started to go in a circle again. He ran up on the porch and dropped, and I heard my master say, “He is dead!” For the second time I saw tears in Master’s eyes as he bent over him exclaiming in grieved tones: “Poor Gyp! Somebody has poisoned you.”

He took Gyp in his arms, put him into the buggy and carried him home, and we made no more calls that forenoon. Gyp was carried into the stable; Mistress came out and other members of the family, and everybody was so sorry. I felt very badly myself. I don't think I fully understood then that I should never see Gyp running around any more.

I say we didn't make any more calls that forenoon: I know we had a lot more to make because we worked unusually hard all the afternoon, the doctor missed his office hours, and didn't get through until way into the night.

The next day Mr. Stevens prepared a big box, and I saw Gyp lying in it, wrapped in what I have since learned to know was the American flag. He looked so natural. I didn't understand it at all. Then I saw them nail the cover on and they took him out into the yard under a large oak tree, put him into a big hole in the ground and covered him up. I knew both Master and Mistress and all the members of the family shed tears when poor Gyp was laid away in his last resting place.

XV

BLACK HAWK'S WATCH TOWER

I HAVE written largely thus far of business. I presume that is proper. Of course a horse's life, that is, a doctor's horse's life, is mostly business; and yet I have had a great deal of pleasure connected with business. In fact we have usually, I think, tried to make pleasure out of business. Although perhaps the major portion of my work has been strictly business, many times long drives were taken purely for pleasure.

There is one spot particularly associated in my mind with pleasure, and that is Black Hawk's Watch Tower on Rock River about three miles from Rock Island. How many, many times we drove out there in the twelve years that I lived with my master in Rock Island, sometimes by the Milan Road, sometimes by the Chippianock, and then again over the Bluff and by the Tower. In all these ways I soon learned to recognize, even at the start, where we were going, and was always pleased

when I was sure that we were headed for Black Hawk.

When I first went out there with my people, there were no buildings on the Tower itself, just that beautiful open grassy spot, cool and quiet; and then was the time when they used to drive right up to the edge of the Tower where we horses, as well as the people, had full advantage of the view.

I can remember the first time I ever went there. I was so high up, such an extent of country was spread out before me, and Rock River at my very feet such a great distance below, that I was frightened. I had always lived in a level country, and had never before been up on high hills where I could look off; but the next time I went I didn't mind and I just enjoyed the view.

I wonder if people realize how much horses really enjoy beautiful views. I could see horses grazing way off on the Island, and in another direction cows. In another place I well remember a lot of tents where people were living, and far up Rock River I could see the Moline

Bridge which crosses the river at that point as you go to Coal Valley. Right at my feet almost were the five bridges which span as many sections of Rock River as it passes between Black Hawk's Watch Tower and the town of Milan; and way to my right, as far as we could see, was the broad Mississippi, flowing onward its nearly four thousand miles to the Gulf of Mexico.

In a year or two all of this had changed. A house had been built on the Tower; a little stuffy, noisy, impertinent railroad had been built from Rock Island to the Tower, and every half hour that wheezy, snorting little engine came coughing up the hill with its half a hundred passengers. All had changed and there was not much more pleasure for the horse, as he was always left in the background down behind the Tower, so that he could never get that beautiful view.

Even then I enjoyed going to the Tower, partly because I knew my master enjoyed it so much, and too I used to meet other horses there and I had the good drive and the cool

shade when I got up on the Tower. So it was all pleasant, and all of my memories in connection with Black Hawk's Watch Tower are pleasant. I soon got used to the railroad and was not afraid of its little dummy engine. I was no longer afraid when I stood on the bridge over the tracks as the engine puffed and labored up the steep hill. How many times I have seen it stuck half way up. In those days I did not have much respect for street cars, as they went very slowly and were always getting stuck.

That, too, changed; and, before I left Rock Island, there was a well equipped electrical road from Rock Island to Black Hawk's Watch Tower; instead of half a hundred people going at a time, every day — and especially holidays, Saturdays and Sundays — thousands and thousands went out there from the three cities. It became a great pleasure resort. A large hotel was built, and band concerts, fireworks, toboggan slides and surf slides, and the things that go to make up a summer pleasure resort, with its out-of-door theater and what not, were added.

So now all that is left of beautiful Black Hawk to me is a memory; yet I have heard my master say that Black Hawk to him is more beautiful now than ever before, because in the early days where only an occasional person saw and enjoyed it, now tens of thousands of people visit and enjoy its beauties and good air — people who need it and who without it would not get those advantages.

The sport now so popularly known all over the world as “Shoot the Chutes” was invented, and first put into operation, by the first keeper of Black Hawk’s Watch Tower, and the surf slide referred to in this chapter was the first “Shoot the Chutes” ever built anywhere in the world. Its inventor was Mr. John P. Newburg, a native of Sweden. He was an uncle of Oscar to whom I have referred as one of the men who used to take care of me.

At first thought one might suppose that Black Hawk’s Watch Tower was built up from the ground, of either stone or wood; but of course such is not the case. It is a high bluff or hill near, as I have said, the five bridges and the

Islands that divide the Rock River into as many channels. It goes up directly from the north shore of the north channel of the river, and overlooks all of the country for many miles around. It is one of the most conspicuous spots anywhere in that region of the country, and is called Black Hawk's Watch Tower, because it was literally that great Indian chief's watch tower.

From there, because of its unique situation, height and prominence, the old chief (Black Hawk) used to view the country, lay out his campaigns, and spend a great deal of his time. From this point many a signal fire has sent up its vivid flames and its smoke to notify the braves in all the country round; and it is from this point that he read back from his warriors their signs and signals. Thus the unlettered red man in his wilderness fastnesses was carrying out a system of signals older than history, which is the foundation of our wonderful signal service of the present day.


It was near this place that Black Hawk was finally captured after waging war upon the

white settlers of that section of the Mississippi Valley for many years. In Spencer Square, Rock Island, there is a statue of Black Hawk of heroic size, carved in solid granite.

I have heard my master say that Black Hawk was a truly wonderful character in history, a man of unusual mental capacity, a great general and diplomat; and, as we look back over his life's history and work, we cannot help feeling that he and his red brethren were in the right, and that in their extermination Might and not Right prevailed.

XVI

SEARS PARK

 ONE of the pleasantest memories that I have of Rock Island is of Sears Park, though in reality there never was such a thing as Sears Park. It was a lot of good ideas and intentions and purposes of a party of gentlemen of Rock Island. My master was one of the leading ones. They held an option

on that beautiful tract of land between the main Milan Road and the river, and the section known as Black Hawk's Watch Tower and the road leading up to it — a tract of thirty or forty acres of land which this party of men intended to buy and to convert into a municipal park, using the great and valuable water power as a source of power for pumping. A mammoth reservoir was included in their plans, and this power was to be used to force water up into the reservoir to furnish it to all of the country about, including the city of Rock Island.

I have said enough perhaps of their intentions. They interested me very little, but for the year or two that this plan was under consideration and the land was under option, we had free access to it; and my master and family used often to take me and go out there; and there more than anywhere else I came nearest to nature, to actual grazing, rolling on the ground and resting in the refreshing shade of the beautiful trees.

During the summer for two or three years we went out there as often as once a week and

would stay an hour or so, sometimes two or three. I think I enjoyed Sears Park even more than I did Black Hawk; because Black Hawk was so soon converted into a great public recreation ground, and Sears Park, while it never materialized on the plans that its promoters hoped it would, always remained — at least as long as we lived in Rock Island — open country.

I think we never went out there unless Bess went along. How much she enjoyed running about the open fields and pastures of this tract. It was on one of these trips (I do not remember which one or in just what year, but I know it was one day when we were going out to Sears Park), that Bess and her two puppies, Union and Argus, went with us. Bess always, when the puppies were along, was more unmanageable than at any other time; although the word “unmanageable” would hardly apply to her, as she was one of the mildest mannered and most easily managed dogs I ever saw; but she, like myself, felt full of life as we went into the country, and she and the puppies were

frisking about, the latter getting into all kinds of mischief.

The puppies were quite large dogs, three-fourths grown, named Union and Argus after the two daily papers, *Republican* and *Democratic*, in Rock Island. My master in those days was an out-and-out Republican, but he declares that the following incident had nothing whatever to do with politics. You will notice, however, that Argus *was* the Democratic namesake.

My master always hated to have the dogs chase the chickens. I think that was the only thing he ever whipped them for, and I believe that was necessary; but it seemed as if that day nothing would keep Argus from chasing chickens. My master had whipped him twice reasonably hard; but the third time he had caught a chicken, one that belonged to Mr. William Sears, and had pulled half the feathers out and hurt the chicken very much. My master got out, took Argus by the collar, and with a whip that he carried for that purpose, began to whip him, and he whipped him pretty hard. I

think the dog needed to be punished, but I think my master lost his patience a little and whipped Argus very hard. He howled piteously.

Bess stood looking on, as she always did, rather approvingly, knowing that if the puppies ever became good useful dogs they had to be trained; but this time I could see another look in her eyes, and the more my master whipped Argus, the more that look, one of disapproval, grew in Bess's countenance. All at once she stepped right up to Master, showed her teeth and growled as much as to say, "You have gone far enough!" Master let go of Argus and got into the buggy and I heard him say: "Well, Bess has taught me a lesson: — a great grown man beating a little half-grown dog like that!"

But I think Argus never chased chickens after that, and I never remember my master whipping either of the dogs again. It had been a long time since he had whipped Bess; she was more easily trained than most dogs. I have heard Master say that in all of the twelve years Bess lived with him this was the first and only time that she ever openly disapproved of any-



BESS AND HER SON ARGUS

After the Whipping

thing he did, and that he approved of this in her more than anything she ever did, although she was constantly doing nice, wonderfully wise things for a dog. I think you can learn a lot of things from a dog. Bess was always so cheerful, good-natured and happy, always looking on the bright side; I have heard Master say a great many times that she kept him from having the blues. I think she was good for me too.

I want to tell one more experience in connection with Sears Park. It may be of interest to some people to know that in the Mississippi Valley they not only have more severe wind storms, hurricanes and cyclones than they do in the East, but they also have much more severe thunder showers.

It seems to me, if I were to live a hundred years, I should never forget a thunder shower that we were out in one day on our way to Sears Park. We had just gotten to the point where we turn from Milan Road to go up into the park when a storm that had been brewing most of the time since we left home burst upon

us with all the fury that a tempest of that character can in the Mississippi Valley. Oh, how close the lightning was! And what terrible peals of thunder!

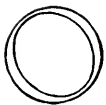
I was frightened and I know that my master and mistress were. Just before the storm burst, my master had gotten out and put on the curtains, and had done the carriage up as tightly as he could; I could see (I wore no blinders and could always see behind me) just how snug and close they were; and yet I heard Master say, "We are getting wet!"

I was terrified by the awful lightning and the frightful thunder crashes, and the great down-pour of water. It literally came down in sheets, and it seemed to me I should be drowned standing right there. In a very few minutes the water was half way to my knees. My master kept pulling gently on the lines and saying, "Whoa, Don; don't be afraid. It's all right; it will soon stop." That encouraged me and I stood as still as I could. In a few minutes the storm had passed and the sun came out, and we resumed our journey up the hill and into the

park where everything had been so freshly washed and looked as bright and clean as spring. We stayed there that evening until the sun went down away over the river in Iowa. It was a gorgeous sight — a glorious summer sunset beyond the Mississippi!

XVII

A HUNDRED TIMES AT SCHOOL

 OF course I didn't really attend the school; I have looked into school-houses a great many times, but was never inside of a schoolroom. One winter, though, I went to a schoolhouse in the morning and back again at night one hundred times. It was this way: One of the teachers, a patient and friend of ours, fell and sprained her ankle badly. She rested a day or two and started out again to attend to her duties; but walking to and from the schoolhouse injured her ankle very much, and in less than a week she could not take a step and was obliged to stay at home

again to let the ankle rest and heal. At the end of a week she could only take a step or two; but she felt that she must not stay longer out of school, and of course she could not afford to hire a carriage every day. So we arranged to carry her to the schoolhouse in the morning and go for her at night, and we did. Sometimes my master drove me; sometimes it would be my mistress, and quite often the man. Usually at night my master would drive around from some of his calls and take the lady home. In this way she kept up her work for over a hundred days, not missing a day; neither was she injuring her ankle, and at the end of that time it had fully recovered.

My master has always been very fond of children and he used to talk to the teacher a great deal about her pupils. She was very bright, never failed to see the funny side of every experience. She related many amusing incidents. I remember hearing her tell of a little girl named Allie, who, when asked if she were the oldest in the family, replied seriously, "No, ma'am; my grandmother is."

We all enjoyed those drives and were sorry when they were over. I guess the teacher enjoyed them too, for she seemed so pleased one Saturday when the doctor called for her to drive with us. We were on our way to Moline over the Seventh Avenue road up to Edgewood Park. When we came to the baseball grounds, then located on the Brooks Estate on the left of Seventh Avenue, an evidently fierce game of baseball was going on inside. The place seemed to be crowded and there was a great deal of hurrahing. Just as we got to the gate the band was playing.

On the outside there were perhaps two dozen urchins from seven to fifteen years of age. Some of them came from our teacher's school, but they were so excited they didn't see her or pay any attention to us at first; and we watched them until we were, all three of us, almost as anxious as they. Some of them were looking through the cracks; some had cut holes with their knives in the fence; some had climbed on the fence and were looking over, and others had no place at all from which to see

the game. My master pulled me up to the entrance and asked the gate-keeper how many were inside:

“Everything is packed full; there isn’t a seat”; said the man.

“Isn’t there standing room?” asked my master.

The gate-keeper agreed that there was plenty of standing room about in the grounds and my master urged him to let the boys in. “They want to see the game,” he said. “They will enjoy it more than the grown boys in there; they really know more about it.”

The gate-keeper said it was against the rules, and he could not let anybody in unless he paid.

“What is the charge?” said my master.

“Twenty-five cents.”

“You don’t charge children full price, do you?”

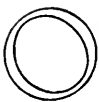
“Well, yes, we do — no, if those children want to go in I will admit them for fifteen cents each.”

Well, the gate-keeper and my master counted all the boys that were around there (I think

there were twenty-four), my master made some lump sum deal and paid the fee, and all of the twenty-four boys went trooping in through the gate; and I am sure if they rooted as well for their side as they did for us, it certainly proved to be the winning side.

XVIII

A QUICK RUN

 OF course in twenty-five years' experience a great many very interesting things have happened in our professional lives. I have always taken a great interest in the business. I have even been interested in the ordinary, what might be termed the humdrum, side of the practice of our profession; but there have been times that my keenest interest has been aroused. I am going to tell you of one particular time when the doctor's brother (who was practising in a town thirteen miles down the river from Rock Island) telephoned to my master to come at once in consultation with him, in the case of a little child

who was suffering a relapse from diphtheria — heart failure.

The minute the doctor came into the stable that day, I knew something unusual had happened; because he did what he rarely did (never a dozen times in his life, I should think), helped put on my harness; and within two minutes we had started for Andalusia.

I understood my master's moods, and I knew it was something very urgent. After we had started, driving out the Milan road, Master told me I must do my best; because it was, he feared, a race with Death, and I must make the thirteen miles in less than an hour. He used the whip a little, just to remind me (it wasn't necessary) that I had got to do my best; and we flew over the road to Milan, across the five bridges that span the various parts of Rock River as it divides itself around the Islands before it joins the Mississippi, entered Milan, through Milan and then down the river road at the fastest gait I ever took and kept for such a long journey. As the doctor pulled me up at the gate, he took out his watch and said:

"You have done well, old fellow! We have made it in just fifty-five minutes."

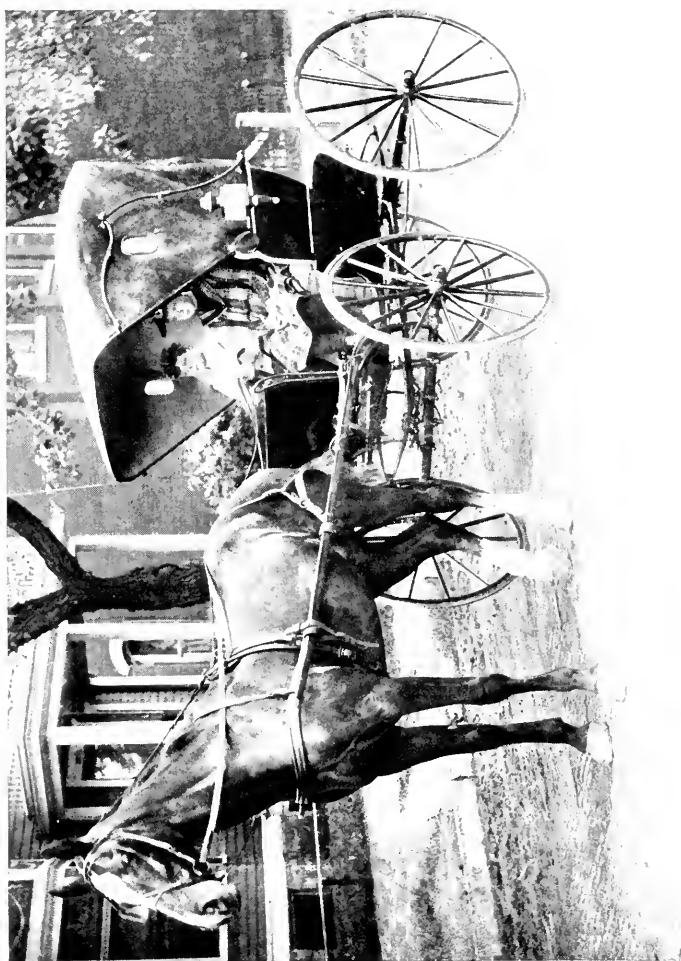
The doctor's brother appeared in the door and exclaimed: "It doesn't seem possible you are here! It is just one hour since I hung up the telephone."

My master threw down the lines without hitching me and hurried into the house. I felt from the look on Dr. Frank's face that all was not well; and I assure you, though I was tired from my long, quick journey, I suffered as much from anxiety over what was going on in that house as from the hour's hard run. It was in the summer and the doors and windows were open. I could see people in the house hurrying to and fro, and caught sight of my master and his brother two or three times as they seemed to be doing things for the little patient. All at once I saw my master coming towards the window with something in his arms. He sat down by the window with the child upon a pillow so that the little sufferer could get more fresh air.

I think I appreciated this scene more than I ever had anything like it, probably because I

was nearer to it. The room in which they were was so near the street that I could easily see into it. It made me feel badly and I turned away for a while. The next time I looked towards the house I saw what I supposed to be the father and mother crying as if their hearts would break; the two doctors had gone away from the window and the child was not there. I guessed, what I afterwards learned was true, that the little sufferer was no more.

Pretty soon my master and his brother came out, got into the carriage and started me towards Dr. Frank's house; and I heard them say that they knew of nothing on earth that would save a child who had diphtheria when a relapse like that one set in. We drove on over to the house, the two brothers talking all of the time about the loss of the little patient. I had my dinner there with Nellie, a little filly about my own age whom I often saw when I drove to Andalusia or Dr. Frank came to Rock Island; we were very fond of each other. After dinner Master and I leisurely drove back to Rock Island, arriving home before evening, tired and sober.



NELLIE

On Her Rounds with Dr. Frank and the Two Children

XIX

THE SEWER HORSE

I DO not believe one person in a thousand knows how intensely and excruciatingly a horse can suffer. I really don't know myself from personal experience. I have been hurt, and hurt awfully, and have suffered from ordinary illnesses such as horses have; but when you come to downright suffering it seems to me that a horse endures more real agony than a human or any animal that I have ever known.

I have rarely seen a horse badly hurt. I am going to tell about one that was mortally hurt, and the scream that horse uttered I shall never forget. It put me all in a quiver; it seemed to me every separate hair on my body stood up. Horses and men stood aghast at the wonderful spectacle of pain which that poor horse presented.

I have headed this "The Sewer Horse," simply because he was a contractor's horse that was working on a big ditch, a sewer, in Rock

Island, on Second Avenue. I have heard the men say the ditch was about eight feet deep. I happened to be driving along just past them when the off horse on the team fell into the ditch. I saw him go in; my master saw him go in, and we stopped, thinking he must have been badly hurt. The moment of his falling he uttered half a dozen such screams as cannot be described, once heard would always be remembered, and would bring home to the hearer how a horse can suffer when mortally hurt.

I will not go into the harrowing details of the injury to this poor so-called dumb animal; but he was badly injured and the men in kindness soon put an end to his pain.

I have heard the same scream from a horse two or three other times. I almost wish that every man and woman could hear that sound once. I am sure that their hearts would ever after be warmer towards poor horses. While our ordinary suffering, from confinement and the galling of the harness, and the hurting of the carriage, the hard roads, the knocks, the falls and the hundred and one injuries from

which we suffer, are bad enough; yet what I have just tried to describe is quite beyond description.

XX

*HORSES, LIKE MEN, FEAR THE
UNKNOWN*

I KNOW that people sometimes wonder why a horse is afraid, and will scold and whip him, and try to make him do things which he is unable to do from sheer fright. If people used a little more common sense — as I have heard Master say a good many times, *horse sense* — it would be better for them and for their horses.

I don't wish the following story to reflect upon anybody, because I think it was through ignorance that it came about; but I know it gave me a great deal of suffering, as in fact almost everything I have learned has caused me more or less suffering.

One summer the Kickapoo Indians had a "Medicine Camp" on the edge of Rock Island

in a little open square; and every night they would have some kind of music, a tom-tom or a harp or something of that sort, then speech-making and then the selling of their patent medicines. I guess there were no real Indians among the crowd — if so, they were only one or two old braves hired for the occasion — but it was a genuine fake Medicine Camp.

Quite often after office hours in the evening we would drive up around there just to see what was going on. One moonlight evening there was a big time on and nearly everybody in Rock Island was somewhere in the Kickapoo Indian Camp, because there was to be lively music and a balloon ascension.

We drove up pretty near the place, and I saw a great big thing, not like anything I had ever seen before; it didn't look like a house or carriage or anything at all familiar. I was so frightened I didn't want to go any nearer. My master didn't force me very close, but I was afraid, and it seemed to me the thing was growing larger all the time. I know now it was the wind that caused it to blow and flap

and make a great noise. I hadn't any idea then what it was or what it was going to do, and I stood all fear and trembling. I don't think anybody realized how much I was suffering on account of that great odd-looking thing.

Of course I afterwards learned that it was merely a balloon. If I had known, if anybody had explained it to me in a way that I could have understood, I should not have been afraid; but I didn't know, I didn't understand, and I could not help being terrified.

The thing kept growing bigger all the time, the people got more and more excited, the crowd got larger, and by and by we were all hemmed in behind and on all sides, and we could not get forward or backward. There we were and still that great monster kept growing and growing. The longer I stayed the less frightened I was, and I was getting calmed down and feeling that perhaps everything was all right. The thing that gave me the most confidence was that there were so many people and horses, and I didn't think that people

would stay and keep their horses where there was any great danger.

Pretty soon there was a move in the crowd, and everybody seemed excited. Then I began to feel afraid again, and all at once that enormous thing rose right up in the air — and was gone way above us! My heart simply stopped beating and I nearly dropped to the ground. When it first started I was too frightened to jump or back or do anything, and before I could move it was entirely out of my sight. I can remember that everybody standing near me was looking up in the air and I heard people exclaiming:

“There it goes! It’s going higher and higher! He’s throwing out sand! He’s going up! He’s ’way up out of sight!”

Then I heard some one say: “He is coming down! Oh, he’s in the parachute! The balloon is turned bottom side up! He’s falling! No, it’s holding him! There — he’s all right! He’s safe; he’s sailing down like a bird.”

Very soon off about a quarter of a mile the man lighted in the street quite safe, and the

balloon fell down very near where it went up, bottom side 'up, all collapsed, just a big bag. The greatest fright of my life had passed and nobody was hurt.

XXI

A LONG, COLD NIGHT

I AM going to tell you now something that happened to me on New Year's Eve in 1888. I had been in bed and asleep a long time; it was a very cold night; I could hear the sleet falling upon the roof of my stall, when Oscar came rushing in and took me out, hurriedly threw on the harness and before he had me half ready the doctor came running into the stable putting on his overcoat, his bag in hand and said:

"Hurry, Oscar, I have got to make a quick run."

We started for South Rock Island just as fast as I could go. The doctor, contrary to his usual custom, used the whip somewhat, but I didn't mind when I understood that it was

an urgent call; and I knew this must be a very urgent call because the doctor seemed so hurried and excited. It took only three or four minutes to get out there, about a mile, corner Twelfth Street and Thirteenth Avenue. I knew the place, and I knew the people; I had often been there. It was the house of John Sutcliffe, the painter.

I hadn't any idea what the trouble was. The doctor hadn't told me about it, and I don't think he knew himself just what it was. As we drove up to the house, one of the sons opened the door and said:

"Hurry, Doctor, she has fainted!"

The doctor thought he put the blanket on me; I guess he did partly cover me, but it soon blew off. He took down from the terret the strap that was fastened to my bit to tie me, but in his hurry he didn't do it. That made no difference to me; of course I knew I had to stay there. It was raining hard, and freezing as it fell, and one of the coldest, bitterest nights I ever remember being out in.

Well, of course I knew nothing about what was going on in the house, and I stood as well as I could for a long time, expecting every minute the doctor would come; but he didn't. Nobody came out, and I stood there until I nearly froze. Then I began to walk around. Finally I thought something must have happened, that the doctor was sick, or had gone home and forgotten me, and I started for home. After going part way, it came over me strongly that I was doing wrong; so I turned round and went back. But I waited so long and got so cold that I felt sure something was wrong and I determined to go home. I got about the same distance, and somehow I could not go any farther; I went back. I did that thing over and over again. I couldn't seem to go; I couldn't stay there, and I kept traveling round. It seemed to me the longest night I had ever spent. By and by the door opened; I had just come back from my — oh, I should say fifteenth trip, and had waited about a minute when the doctor came out, bag in hand.

“Well, poor old fellow! You have done well

to wait for me all this time. Headed for home, aren't you? Not hitched? No blanket on? Well, well, well! You are a horse to be proud of."

He jumped in and we hurried home. He put me into the barn, wrapped a warm blanket about me, gave me a lot of straw and left me with a love pat.

This story, so far as I am concerned, is finished; but what pleased me the most, and one reason I wanted to tell it to you, is that in the morning the doctor discovered what I had been doing the night before. When we drove out early in the morning to see the woman who had been so sick, he discovered my tracks in the road and frozen sleet; and could see how many times I had made up my mind to go home and how many times I had changed my mind and gone back to wait for him. He came up to my head and stroked my nose and said in a voice that I fancied shook a little:

"Poor old Don! You are the best horse that ever lived. I don't believe there is another horse in Rock Island that would have waited

out there without a blanket and without being hitched, on such a bitter cold night."

He then told me what was the trouble inside. Mrs. Sutcliffe, an aged lady, had fallen on the slippery streets on returning home from a New Year's Eve party, and had broken her arm. The bone had pricked through, and she was suffering great agony. It took the doctor three hours to properly dress it, and to relieve and quiet her.

I have heard the doctor tell this story a great many times to people who were riding with him. Some of them didn't seem to believe the story, thought I would have gone home the first time, and left my master, — just because I am a horse!

I want to say right here, and that is the chief reason for telling this story, that a horse has *feelings*, and a horse knows pretty well the difference between right and wrong. People think horses do not have any reason. They don't, of course, have the same reasoning power that men have; but they have horse-sense, and what is better than that they have hearts.

XXII

BESS IS POISONED

I THINK you will remember the story of Gyp and how his life came to an end. Well, our beautiful Gordon setter, Bess, came very near losing her life the same way. One Sunday morning, in the fall of '89, Bess had been with us making calls, running about so happy, making everybody glad as was her wont. There was always a pleasant expression on her face; she was never cross, never disagreeable, always ready to go. It seems to me more people knew Bess and spoke to her than knew us — that is, my master and myself.

This morning after a long round the doctor had driven me up to the door and tied me as he usually did (that being the police law), and had gone into the house. Bess, so far as I could see, seemed much as usual. I think perhaps she had been unusually lively all the morning; but the first thing I knew she was walking awkwardly, and I at once thought of Gyp and how he acted when he was taken so

very sick. In less time than it takes to tell, she could hardly walk at all. All of her legs were stiff; she walked as if they were wood. She trembled, reeled and fell; got up and tried to walk, but fell again. She got up the third time and started, trying so hard to get to the porch and to the door. She tried three or four times and finally got on the porch, where she fell on her side, her legs all stiff. She trembled and shook and made a great noise, until someone passing saw her and rushed up and pulled the bell. Mistress came to the door, and, seeing Bess, called my master. He knew at a glance what the trouble was; I heard him cry, "Oh, Bess has been poisoned just as Gyp was!" He rang the bell for the man at the stable and he rang it so violently that the man ran out in a hurry. Master called to him to bring the wheelbarrow. Taking Bess up very carefully, Master laid her on the wheelbarrow and took her to the stable.

After a long time someone came and untied me and led me to the barn. As I passed into the door I saw Bess lying on a robe, my master

and several people standing over her. She looked so badly that I thought she must be dead. Oscar unharnessed me and put me into my stall; and, by turning round, I could see Bess and what was being done to save her life. Master stayed with her constantly for more than five hours. He neglected all of his other work and his patients, and never left the barn. I didn't count them, but I heard Master say afterwards that more than thirty people called at the stable during those hours to see how Bess was. Two or three times I heard them say, "Well, I think she's gone now." Then again she would breathe and they would take hope and work on with her.

Of course I didn't myself have a connected history of the case and all that was done, as I was so far away, and yet I had a general idea, but when the next day Dr. Hoeffle, an associate of my master, came into the stable with him to see Bess, I heard my master tell this story about the treatment:

As soon as they had gotten Bess to the stable and laid her on the robe, and my master could

examine her, he decided that it was strychnine poisoning; she had so many spasms that seemed like the spasms of strychnine. She had that peculiar symptom, that anyone (whether man or animal) has when poisoned with strychnine, of going into a spasm from the slightest jar or noise; and Master said that Bess would have one of those hard spasms if he spoke unusually loud or made as much noise as to snap his fingers.

Dr. Hoeffle seemed very much interested in the treatment. Master told him just what he did. He gave her hyperdermic injections of medicine and emetics; also chloral and chloroform and inhalations of amyl nitrate and tried to give antidotes through her mouth, but she could not swallow. He said that every time Bess had a spasm, for a moment afterward she would seem to be quite dead; and then, as consciousness came back, she would wag her tail three times. I could hear that every time; I could hear her tail hit the floor when she wagged it. My master thought that was her way of recognizing and acknowledging the

things that were being done for her. He said her mouth and tongue were almost as black as her body, — she had such a beautiful black, shining coat!

Master said the case was exceedingly hard to treat, because everything he did or tried to do, almost every move he made, would send Bess into spasms. She had over fifty severe spasms during the long afternoon. Along about four o'clock the medicine seemed to be helping her and antidoting the poison; she had the spasms less often and less severe. Before another hour had passed they had entirely ceased, and the doctor felt that she was going to recover. At five o'clock he left the stable for the first time to attend to his business.

Oscar hurriedly put me into the carriage and the doctor and I drove away, leaving Oscar in charge of Bess. When we came back at seven o'clock she was quite well, although she could not stand. I never shall forget the look that was upon her face and the way she wagged her tail when the doctor came in and spoke to her; she seemed so grateful and happy.

It was some days before Bess was entirely well, and before the doctor allowed her to go out with us again on our calls. When she did, what an ovation everybody gave her! Her sickness had been in the papers and all of the doctor's friends knew about it, and everybody was so much interested in her recovery.

Nobody ever knew how she got the poison, but it was supposed that somebody had put out the poisoned meat for some other dog. Certainly no one would try purposely to poison Bess. It seems to me that is one of the very meanest things that men are ever guilty of doing, the poisoning of animals in this way. I hope I shall never see another case like those of Gyp and Bess. While Bess nearly recovered, my master thinks that she never was quite the same afterwards; and that undoubtedly the effects of this very serious illness lasted through her life, and perhaps shortened her life in the end. She had another severe sickness about which I am going to tell at some other time.

XXIII

MY MASTER GOES TO JAIL

A HORSE'S life, as I have said, is inevitably closely connected with the lives of people, more especially the people with whom he lives. Of course my life is all done up with, and a part of, my master's life. Indeed, it seems to me that without him I should not have had any real independent life. A horse is hardly a complete entity of himself, but, rather, a complement of the human; and in relating my long life, I must of necessity bring in a good deal that is more directly a part of my master's life than of my own. So I feel that I have a right to tell how my master once went to jail.

It was this way: Master was called to Court as a witness in a case. I remember very well the morning we drove up to the courthouse; I do not think my master had given the matter a second thought after receiving his summons. It was a very ordinary thing for him to go to Court as a witness for one thing or another,

sometimes as a medical expert, sometimes as a witness in ordinary business cases; and I noticed nothing unusual in his manner on this occasion.

It was nine o'clock at the beginning of the court session. At about eleven o'clock I saw my master coming out of the courthouse and everybody seemed to be coming with him. Mr. Jackson, a lawyer who had an office in our building, was with him talking earnestly; and, as they drew near the carriage, I heard him say to my master:

"Doctor, you will have to answer those questions; you will have to testify. The judge will be obliged to force you to do it."

And my master said: "But I cannot, Mr. Jackson; it would violate the confidence of the consulting-room. Every particle of honor and manhood in me cries out against it, and I simply cannot do it."

By that time quite a crowd had collected round the buggy, and everybody was talking: "Why, Doctor, you will have to do it or go to jail!" As we drove away, I heard Mr. Jackson

calling: "Be sure to be back by two o'clock; and you must have changed your mind by that time, because you will have to testify."

My master was very much excited all the way home; but I felt, from his manner of driving me and from what he said to me as he jumped out of the buggy, that no lawyers or Court could make him change his mind on that subject because he knew that he was right.

About half past one he came to the stable (the boy had me all hitched up), got into the buggy and drove out. He didn't seem the least bit excited. He took me alone and I remember we went for a short drive around by the saw-mills and up Third Avenue to the courthouse, getting there about ten minutes of two. There was a crowd around the courthouse and the first man I saw was Mr. Jackson, who came up to us and said, "Doctor, have you changed your mind?"

My master didn't answer at once, but got out of the buggy and came forward to tie me to the post; and as he did so he stroked my nose, looked into my eyes and talked to me a mo-

ment. Then he said quietly: "Mr. Jackson, you know as well as I do that the position I have taken is right; and you would not want me to recede from a position which I know, and you know, and everybody knows is right, just to escape going to jail. I shall never do it. No one who comes to my consulting-room in trouble, and in confidence tells me the secrets of his life, shall be betrayed. I shall never reveal those secrets to anyone, not even to a judge or jury. Now let's go into the courthouse. I am ready to pay my fine and take my sentence; if it is to go to jail I shall be vindicated." And my master strode up the steps with an air of dogged determination.

I tell you I felt pretty blue; I knew something was going to happen but I couldn't guess what it was. I had never seen my master in just that state before. I was tied at the Third Avenue entrance to the courthouse; the jail is just a few steps farther down the avenue, both buildings being in the same square. In about half an hour from the time they entered I heard steps on the stairs. Previous to that

it had been as quiet almost as the grave. I saw my master coming from the courthouse door with two court officers, one on either side, Sheriff Hemenway just behind them. My master looked very white but firm and cool.

I knew something wonderful, something awful had happened; I didn't fully understand what it was, but I knew I loved Master and wished I could do something. Just as the four men came opposite me he stepped from between the two officers, patted my nose and said: "Good-bye, Old Don, your master is going to jail"; adding under his breath, "going because he is right. Oscar will come for you."

Then he stepped back between the officers and they resumed their march toward the jail. I heard him ask Sheriff Hemenway to telephone the house, Number 46, and have Oscar come up for "Old Don," also to tell my mistress that he had been sent to jail for refusing to become a criminal himself. That was the last word I heard as my master and the three attendants entered the door of the jail.

Now that all happened in this way, as I afterwards learned: My master was summoned to Court to testify in the case of a man who had committed a crime against society. My master had told what he knew about the case, and was just about to step down from the witness box when the prosecuting attorney asked him if he had ever treated the defendant medically. My master said he had and the attorney asked for what sickness. My master replied that he could not answer that. The attorney asked why he could not, and my master said that it would be betraying the confidence of the consulting-room, and that no physician would do that.

“But,” the attorney said, “you will have to do it here; you are in Court; you have no secrets from the Court.”

My master insisted that the Court had nothing to do with the secrets of the consulting-room unless it might be in case of murder; and he believed that this case, while a crime against society for which he hoped the man would be punished, was not of sufficiently serious import

for him to break one of the greatest of the unwritten statutes — that anyone was entitled to the protection of necessary secrets revealed in a doctor's consulting-room.

The attorney said, "I appeal to the Court to compel the witness to answer this question."

Then the attorney for the man on trial spoke in a low tone to my master: "Doctor, you will have to answer it; it does not hurt my client now."

The doctor replied distinctly: "I am not trying to defend your client; I believe him guilty, and hope he will receive his just punishment, and anything I can honorably and honestly do to help convict him I shall do; but I will not answer this question."

At this point, of course, the matter was referred to the judge, and the judge said in a very stern and judicial voice, "Witness will answer the question."

My master replied quietly: "I beg the pardon of his honor the Court, but the question asked by the prosecuting attorney is improper, and I cannot answer it."

The judge quickly commanded: "You will have to answer that question, and proceed to do it at once! The stenographer will please read the question." And when the question had been read, the judge said in a firm, clear voice, "Witness will answer that question as it is read."

Whereupon my master replied in just as firm and just as clear a voice, "I cannot answer the question."

Then the judge declared: "This is a case of contempt of Court, and I shall have to fine and imprison you for contempt."

My master replied: "You can fine me, and I will pay the fine; you can sentence me to prison and I will go to prison, and I will stay there as long as I live before I will answer that question."

This naturally created a great deal of excitement in the courtroom. It seemed almost as if pandemonium reigned: everybody talking, everybody whispering; some were urging the doctor to answer the question, others were discussing the ground for the refusal, and the

judge looked perplexed. It was at this point that the Court was adjourned, and it was at this time that the doctor and attorneys came out of the courthouse at eleven o'clock. The judge had taken the matter under advisement until two o'clock to see what he could do. He had hurriedly during the intermission of three hours consulted with the attorneys and had decided upon a fine and sentence: the minimum fine of fifty dollars and a jail sentence which read: "I sentence you to pay a fine of fifty dollars and to confinement in the Rock Island County jail for a term of three hours."

The rest of the story I have told you: how the court officers and the sheriff carried out the sentence. By the time my master had been locked in jail, the news had spread about the city and many people, many of the doctor's friends and many who knew him but little, were intensely interested in it; and before he had been in jail an hour crowds had collected in the courthouse grounds and the subject of my master going to jail for refusing to testify concerning knowledge obtained in his consult-

ing-room was the one topic of conversation for the afternoon. Even the Court could not get down to business. In a half-hearted way one simple case was tried and Court adjourned before four o'clock. The attorneys, and the judge himself, came to the jail, and they were all standing in groups about the doors, about the grounds and about the street waiting, as it proved, the time when the sentence should have been served and the prisoner should be released.

My master went to jail at 2:30; at 5:30 he was to come out. It looked as if half the population of Rock Island was around the grounds and near the jail. My mistress had, of course, heard all about it, had ordered me hitched up and we had driven as near to the jail as we could and were waiting for my master to come out. At 5:30 he appeared in the door of the jail, flushed but smiling.

His appearance was the signal for great cheering from the assembled crowd. My master's friends and fellow townsmen and everybody ran forward to take him by the hand. The first

man to reach him was Judge Glen, the judge who had imposed the fine, and who had sentenced him to jail. He grasped the doctor's hand and said:


"Doctor, I admire the position you have taken. The duty which I felt, according to the statutes of our State and the advice of the attorneys, that I must perform, I assure you was the hardest that has ever fallen to my lot. As a judge on the bench of the great State of Illinois, it was my first duty to carry out the statutes of that State, but I now assure you I take great pleasure in welcoming you back to freedom after your incarceration from the shortest jail sentence I ever imposed, and in congratulating you upon the stand you have taken; and I further assure you that I shall work to have that obnoxious law erased from the statutes of Illinois."

Then everybody shook hands with my master, and his progress from the door of the jail to the carriage where we stood across the street at the corner of Third Avenue and Fifteenth Street was impeded by friends and neighbors and even

strangers, all eager to tell him that he had done just right.¹

XXIV

THE CYCLONE

 ONCE I was close to the edge of a cyclone. I don't expect that I shall give you as good a description of the cyclone in all its details as has been given many times before, or perhaps as good a description as you could find in an encyclopedia; I am not writing this book for the purpose of giving the best descriptions of things and places, but am simply telling of things as they have happened to me.

This was a great cyclone that occurred in South Rock Island in the year 1887. It was in the month of July. There were evidences of

¹ As the author confided to the reader in the introduction that everything related in the book is literally true, it is only proper to state here that this chapter is all practically, and nearly literally, true: except the account of actually receiving the sentence (although one was promised) and going to jail. This slight deviation is made for the purpose of calling particular attention to the statute in question.

a storm in the southwest when we started out from Rock Island to visit a little sick girl at the home of Mr. Leonard, the corner of Twelfth Street and Aiken Road.

Just as we got out by the schoolhouse on Ninth Avenue and Twelfth Street we saw a peculiar cloud in the southwest. It seemed to be coming towards us, and in a moment after we first discovered it we could see that it was coming very rapidly and that it had a big, black funnel-shaped look. It was raising great quantities of dust, and was advancing at a terrific rate; and in less time than it takes me to tell it, it had passed the town of Sears a little to the right and seemed to be headed, not exactly towards us, but as if it would pass us a little to our left; in a moment it had crossed Ninth Avenue, which is the Milan Road, and was up on Twelfth Street; it tore the roof off the stable of the barn in which I first stopped in Rock Island, that of Mr. Lloyd, and came tearing down upon the house of Mr. Leonard, took off the roof, tore up the front fence, tore down the ell, destroyed the stable and the henhouse, and

was off in the bluffs and high up in the air out of sight, 'almost like a flash of lightning.

We had stopped aghast at the spectacle, but when it was gone, everything was clear; in a moment the dust had settled and we resumed our journey, and soon came to the Leonard place which was almost a complete wreck.

I am going to tell you what had taken place there, things that I saw myself. In front of the house by the road there had been a wire fence. The posts were of second growth hickory, set in the ground about eighteen inches. To these posts was fastened, by staples in the usual way, barbed wire. It was a good firm fence, of sufficient strength to hold horses and all kinds of stock. Those posts, most of them, were literally pulled out of the ground, many of them separated from the wire: one was blown up the hill to the house, a distance of a hundred feet, struck the corner of the house fifteen feet from the ground, and made a dent over an inch deep, and then fell back to the ground, so that one could easily see where the post came from down at the road, just the point of the post

that struck the house, and just where it fell, — a wonderful feat it seemed to us for wind to accomplish in such a short space of time.

I am not through with those posts. The roof had blown off of that part of the house where lay the little sick girl that we were going to see. The house and outbuilding were a wreck; this room was completely uncovered, but not one thing in it molested and no one was hurt. The child's father was sitting beside the bed when it happened, and *one of those same posts was carried up over the rest of the house and dropped within six inches of the bed.*

And this we saw with our own eyes within ten, yes, five minutes of the time that the cyclone had passed.

Somebody else can give more theories and a better description, but these seemed to us to be two very interesting things to have happen right before our eyes.

XXV

NOTED PEOPLE

IN the course of years in one way and another a great many noted people will go to a small town. I can recall dozens of men and women of national fame whom we saw while living in Rock Island. I want to tell you about one or two of these with whom I came in contact in a business way, and whom my master enjoyed very much.

I remember one winter Booth was in Rock Island in his private car. He had an engagement of one night at Rock Island and two nights at Davenport, Sunday intervening, so that his car lay in the yard near my master's house from Saturday morning until Wednesday. Saturday afternoon my master was called to the car. I noticed how excited he was, as I had learned that he was especially fond of Edwin Booth and his wonderful art. We drove up as near as we could, and while Master was tying me Mr. Booth stepped out on the platform of the car and said:

“I believe you are the doctor. Come right in; I want you to see my daughter.”

My master was gone a long time; I thought the patient must be very sick, but when he came out he looked too pleased and happy to have been where anybody was seriously ill. I afterwards heard him telling the Captain down at the bank what a pleasant man Mr. Booth was to meet face to face; that they had sat together in the library of the car and talked for more than half an hour, Mr. Booth telling the doctor of his life and his work. We went there twice every day after that until the car left the yards on the next Wednesday, bound for Des Moines, and we got to know Mr. Booth and his daughter Edwina very well.

Of course everybody, as I have heard my master say, knew Mr. Booth upon the stage as a great actor, knew him as a public man; but to meet him in his home and see him about the everyday affairs of life was quite another thing. This was the part that my master enjoyed so much; as he had for years known Mr. Booth upon the stage, had seen him in

Hamlet a great many times, and was very anxious to know more about him as a man. I have heard him tell over and over again what a delightful lovable man Mr. Booth was at home, how pleasantly and entertainingly he talked upon almost any subject, particularly upon his travels; and that, while the world knew him mostly in tragedy and especially upon the saddest side of life, in reality he was a genial, buoyant, hopeful, brilliant man. Those great sad eyes that the public knew so well were, when with his family and among his friends, full of sparkle and brightness to their depths.

What I have told you about Mr. Booth so far is really but a repetition of what my master has said; but I myself know something of him: the very first time that we went to the car to see Mr. Booth, as he stood aside to let the doctor pass in, he turned and looked at me and I heard him say as he went in: "What a fine horse you have, doctor. His eyes and head would indicate great intelligence. I think you must have in him a fine partner in your business." Every time after that when we went

there, Mr. Booth would put on his hat and follow the doctor out; and he always patted me on the nose, looked into my eyes and talked to me. As I have said so many times in this book, horses do appreciate attention. I saw Mr. Booth but a few times, but I remember his beautiful kind face, and his great loving eyes.

One of the first long drives that my master and mistress and I ever took after we came to Boston was that most beautiful of all drives — through Franklin Park, the Arboretum, Jamaica Pond Park, down through Brookline Park into the Fenway, over Harvard Bridge, through Cambridge and by Harvard College up to Mount Auburn. I hadn't taken any long drives for several years, and I was wonderfully tired when we got to Mount Auburn, but I really enjoyed every step of that drive: the beautiful parks, the changing and varied scenery, that long wide bridge, and the beautiful Charles River. I enjoyed hearing my master and mistress talk about Harvard College as we passed it. We drove up under the Washington

Elm, and by the Longfellow House to the Lowell House, and we drove through Mount Auburn, stopping at this and that place. I remember many of the graves that my master and mistress visited; but, as he came back from one (we could not drive quite up to the spot), he said: "Old Don, we have just visited the grave of your old friend Edwin Booth."

Little did I think, when I saw him so many times in Rock Island, Illinois, that I should ever live in Boston and be in historic Mount Auburn visiting his grave!

Then there was Camille Urso, a noted violinist, who was in Rock Island for several days, giving one recital at the Opera House. She stopped at the Harper House and my master and mistress went there several times to see her. I think my master went professionally, as she was ill for a few days while in the city.

I remember her very well, for my master, mistress and myself took her to drive one day upon the Island. I never shall forget the exclamations of pleasure that fell from her lips as we drove about our favorite spots upon the

Island. She was a charming lady, and I have heard my master say a remarkable woman in many ways as well as one of the finest violinists of her time.

But I think of all the prominent people that he met under circumstances similar to those I have been describing, he enjoyed more than any, General and Mrs. Tom Thumb and their suite. They came to Rock Island just after the Newhall House in Milwaukee was burned. I know I heard the description of how they were taken out from the burning hotel: one policeman tucking the General under his arm and carrying him down the ladder while another took Mrs. General down in the same way. They came directly from Milwaukee to Rock Island, and to the Harper House. Of course they were a good deal wrought up and disturbed over the shock and exposure, and were both quite ill. They remained in Rock Island for a week or ten days, and we were at the Harper House every day and some days twice to see them.

I have heard my master describe his visits there. None of the party was ill enough to be

in bed. He said the General would stand against his knee and look up at him, his face coming only a little above Master's knee; and Mrs. Tom Thumb would sit in a chair, her feet, straight out in front of her, coming just to the edge of the bottom of the chair. He said they were very interesting people, that Mrs. Tom Thumb was an especially intelligent, interesting and home-loving little woman.

One day towards the end of their stay, as we drove out to the Harper House, I saw what I thought were some little children coming along across Nineteenth Street from Spencer Square; and, to my surprise, as the doctor jumped out, he took off his hat, put out his hand and said, "Good morning, General and Mrs. Tom Thumb." And there they were,—those "little mites of children," the General and his wife,—and with them members of their party!

I can remember Mrs. Thumb clapping her hands and saying, "Is this Old Don?" and she reached up as high as she could and tried to touch my nose, but she could not. My master unchecked me and made me put my head down

so that she could pat my nose. Oh, she was a dear little woman. I cannot now realize that she really was a woman. She seemed like a little girl; and yet she knew so much and was so intelligent that, if she was small, she must have been a woman.

I have heard my master tell stories and incidents that she had related to him. She showed him the jewels that the different kings and queens of Europe had given her. She wore thousands and thousands of dollars worth of jewelry that had been presented to her by various prominent people. My master said the diamonds that Barnum gave her would buy a pretty good home for anybody. It seemed so odd to see the General (he looked like a little boy not over six or seven years old) with a silk hat on, smoking a big cigar. I don't suppose horses laugh, but that really made me laugh.

One year a Grand Army meeting was held in Rock Island; I think it was not the national encampment, but a large and important meeting, and among the guests were Generals Sher-

man and Logan, and many other prominent old soldiers. I remember more particularly Sherman and Logan, because we saw them several times. The first time I was standing in front of the Harper House with my master when the Captain came along with both the Generals. He stopped and introduced the doctor to them, and they talked some minutes.

I remember General Sherman particularly, because during the conversation he patted me on my back, came forward and looked into my eyes; and as he turned away, he said to the Captain: "There's a horse that would have been fine in battle. He never would have gone wild, and taken you into trouble. You could depend upon a horse like that. I tell you, Captain, that the horses in these big battles are many times as important as the men. There are horses that are absolutely no good under fire; then there are horses that are as stanch and true as a man could be, and never lose their heads. I think Old Don here as you call him would have made a fine war horse."

Then he came and looked at me again and

exclaimed: "Why! he is a Morgan! He comes from the finest strain of horses ever in this country."

Logan was a fine looking man. I can see him now, that erect carriage, and his large black mustache. I liked Sherman best, I guess because he liked me. General Logan didn't say anything to me but he looked pleased, and assented to some of the things that General Sherman said about horses in war.

Later in the day I remember we met the two generals again, and General Sherman's brother, the Congressman from Iowa; and they stopped again, General Sherman introducing my master to his brother, and again the General patted me and went off into a long dissertation about horses in war. Among some of the things that the General said I remember particularly were how cruel was war to horses, how much they suffered; it was an item in the expensiveness of war that people rarely figured on, — the great and intense suffering that was inflicted upon horses in battle, and the excessive hardships in long forced marches across country, over

mountains and through swamps, poorly fed and overworked. He said if the suffering of all the horses were added to the suffering of all the men, the aggregate would be almost double.

I have heard my master say that he believed General Sherman included horses with men when he said: "War is Hell!"

XXVI

BESS STOPS THE RUNAWAY

I HAVE spoken several times of the high order of intelligence of animals, and I have said that I thought they must use some of the same reasoning power — in a limited degree of course — that man uses; and that they reason from cause to effect in much the same way and must of necessity know the results from a certain line of action. What I am about to relate is literally true and happened in every detail just as I tell it, and shows reasoning intelligence.

I have said before that from the time I was

seven years old my master always had other horses, as I had contracted rheumatism in Rock Island from driving about and standing so much in the wet muddy streets before Rock Island was paved. One of these horses which came to help me in my work was Jetty. When my master first got Jetty in 1890, she was well broken and was really a perfectly safe horse; but my master, who had been used to me and I to him, was not safe to drive Jetty because he was careless. I have heard my master say this himself, and it will be borne out by the following story. While I was not an eye-witness, I know of every detail from having heard my master tell it, from Jetty and from Bess, who repeatedly told me her part of it.

One morning my master had Jetty out making calls. He had been on a long round with her. The last call was at Mr. Staubach's, corner of Fourth Avenue and Fifteenth Street. It was after the noon hour; Jetty was naturally nervous and my master tired and worried as he came out of the house where he had a little boy very ill. When stopping on the street in Rock

Island, as I have said, we always tied to a post with a strap from the bit. The doctor, after untying, chirruped Jetty, as he always had when driving me, to step over and cramp the buggy. Jetty stepped over in her nervous, quick way; and, just as my master stepped in between the wheels to climb into the buggy, she started ahead, catching my master between the wheels and throwing him down. The noise, the jar or something frightened Jetty and she started to run, the carriage passing over my master and causing him to turn a complete somersault in the street.

As he partly righted himself, he saw Bess about two hundred feet behind, setting some birds. At that moment she espied the catastrophe, saw our master lying nearly prostrate in the street and the horse running away, and seemed to take in the situation at a glance. I have heard my master say many times that she started instantly at her fastest gait after the horse. As she came opposite my master he tried to stop her, thinking that she would frighten Jetty more and make conditions worse;

but Bess paid no attention to his voice, which seemed strange to Master as she was a very biddable dog, always obeying at once. This time she kept on faster and still faster after Jetty.

My master pulled himself together, got on his feet and hurried as fast as he could in the direction that the horse and dog were going. In three blocks (a thousand feet) Bess caught up with Jetty. My master hadn't the slightest idea she would try to stop Jetty; he could not at the moment reason out any way in which Bess could stop her. Neither has he since that time found anyone who could devise a reasonable plan for a dog to stop a runaway horse in a carriage and under the circumstances. Nevertheless, in much less time than it has taken to describe it, Bess had formed her plans completely from start to finish, and when she reached Jetty, proceeded to carry them out.

What did she do? She ran ahead of Jetty just fast enough to keep out of the way of her forward feet, turning round and looking into her face and yet springing each time far enough

ahead so that the horse's flying feet did not hit her; but in the meantime the horse had seen and recognized the dog, did not want to hit her, was afraid she would, hence went more slowly; and as she went more slowly so did Bess. Soon she was trotting instead of running; still the dog was right between her forward feet and she could not keep that gait without stepping on Bess, and to avoid doing so she went even more slowly until she was walking. But Bess hung to her post and poor Jetty had nothing to do but stop, which she did within six hundred feet of the place where the dog first overtook her.

When my master came up two or three minutes later his surprise and admiration knew no bounds. There was a crowd of fifty people collected about the horse and dog; many of them, most of them, had seen the runaway and the stopping of the horse from the start. There were more than twenty of the people that fully understood just what Bess had done. As my master arrived on the scene, she sat in front of Jetty, about six feet away, looking her in the face.

Of course by this time Jetty's fright had passed, and she had apparently forgotten that she had ever even tried to run away. Bess seemed full of elation over the result of her daring and heroic act; and as my master patted her and talked to her, she showed her delight as only Bess could, jumping about, giving little short sharp barks, her whole body quivering with joy: I full well remember that day and how excited she was when she came in with Jetty and my master.

XXVII

*HORSES I HAVE KNOWN, AND
THEIR PECULIARITIES*

IT is odd when I come to think of it how few intimate acquaintances I have had in a long life among my kind; although when you reason it out it naturally would be so. A horse is very closely confined at home or to business. He does not get a chance to go out and mingle with other horses, and to frolic

and run and play and have good times as men do. So we horses with a mission know few other horses intimately.

When I began to write this book, I thought I knew ever so many horses, and I was going to tell a lot about them; but I have counted up lately and I don't believe I have known in all my life thirty horses intimately enough to say that they were personal friends of mine. If a man said that it would argue against him; I don't think that it does against a horse. A horse attends so strictly to business that he practically knows only his stable mates.

Most of the horses I have known I have met in the livery stable of which I have spoken before. There was Dick Eyster, a queer, jolly horse; I think I have heard my master say he was iron-gray. He was short and stocky, but he could go some. Dick Eyster's master was a physician who lived near us, so I saw Dick nearly every day, used to meet him on the road. I presume I ought not to say it — I rarely ever passed him: Dick was such a "goer"! I have that one thing to say of my

master: he never cared if horses passed us, and he never tried to pass teams that were going very fast. I have seen horses whipped up and made to pass others; I don't believe that is altogether the best thing to do.

You may like to know that after Dick had been a doctor's horse for a great many years, he got a nail in his foot and had lock-jaw. You can imagine the rest. I remember the last time I saw him. He was in the doctor's yard, lame and sick.

Then there was Bismarck Gault. He was also a doctor's horse. Bismarck was the *old* horse; the doctor had a span, fine young step-pers, but Bismarck was the one that seemed to give the place character and standing. I don't mean of course to detract from the doctor himself; he was one of the finest looking men in Rock Island, and very popular. Bismarck was always very proud when he was taking the doctor about. He was not sociable; he was a good deal older than I, and rarely ever spoke to me, but I always admired him and thought what an easy time he had, as he only had to

go out every other day. Bismarck had a proud, austere look; but was always attending to business. I don't think there was a horse in my neighborhood that had more influence in forming my character than Bismarck had: he lived one block from me, and I saw him almost every day. I heard my master once say jokingly that, being the namesake of so great a personage, Bismarck had to be about right to live up to his name; and that he truly came nearer to it than would seem possible.

Jack Plummer, another doctor's horse, was one of the good old substantial kind. He has worn many holes in the pavements in front of the drug store. His master was a railroad surgeon, and always seemed to be a great deal at the drug stores; and yet I would meet Jack every day somewhere about the city visiting the doctor's patients.

Prince and Dick Robinson were the Captain's horses. I think I have told you that he was a banker, and either one or the other, rarely both together, would be at the bank to bring the Captain there or to take him away. They

didn't have to work very hard, but were used more for pleasure driving; and I shall have to say as I did about Dick Eyster, that they often passed me but I never passed them.

In making these confessions, however, I do not want to seem too modest; for I could go some myself.

XXVIII

THE REUNION

I HAVE heard it said that folks usually have a seedy, sickly time along about the middle of their lives: they are not so well, not so happy and perhaps not so prosperous. Well, I guess this must be so with horses, because the years when I was twelve, thirteen, fourteen and fifteen were rather unhappy ones. My master's health again gave out. He had worked so hard; there had been so much grip in Rock Island, Davenport and Moline, and so much diphtheria, that he had worked himself almost to a shadow.

I remember one day we drove to Moline, and my master went in to see one of his good friends, Dr. Wessel. He stayed a long time and when he came out, I heard Dr. Wessel say as my master got into the buggy; "Mein Gott! If you don't quit this vork and take a rest, you will be soon deat!" Master said that when the doctor was excited or very earnest, he always resumed his German accent.

I had been in the profession so long that I fully understood what Dr. Wessel meant, and I could not get over worrying about my master's health. I really was not happy for a single day after that until I took the long trip with my master, about which I am shortly going to tell you.

The doctor left Rock Island in November, 1892. I remember that so well: he looked so thin I was afraid I should never see him again. He left me at a livery stable with Gibson; and his brother, who took the doctor's place in the office, drove me sometimes but not often. He never liked to drive me because, as I have told you, I had suffered much from rheumatism and

could not go as I used to when I was a colt. So I had an easy time and when I didn't think of my master was fairly happy in the stable, as Gibson was always kind to me. He fed me well, groomed me and took good care of me.

I have been, on and off, considerably about livery stables, and I believe in the main the men in the stables treat horses well. I have heard people say that they don't feed them enough, that they steal the feed away from them. I don't believe Gibson ever did that; I don't believe men often do it. I have found that men around livery stables are generally pretty kind-hearted and good to horses; and, while I should much prefer to stay at home with my own family, still I was comparatively happy at the livery stable.

How well I remember the day that the doctor returned to Rock Island after an absence of nearly a year! I was going down Second Avenue. A lady was driving me. I happened to look up, and walking along the opposite side of the street was my master. My heart beat so fast for just a second I couldn't move; then

I walked right over to him. The lady could not hold or guide me until I got to my master and put my head on his shoulder. I heard him say afterwards I cried. I don't know that a horse can cry, but I felt happy enough to cry.

XXIX

BESS AS A SURGICAL PATIENT

I HAVE told you about Bess being poisoned, how hard my master worked to bring her back to life, and that she did recover, but was never quite her old self. She was the same loving, affectionate dog, and went about with me a great deal, ran and played much as before, but was a little lame. What men call the nigh hind foot dragged a little. I have heard my master say it was because of the partial paralysis brought about by the effects of the strychnine poisoning.

As time went on this lameness rather increased than diminished; and one day the doctor, in examining her to see why it was

getting worse, discovered a slight tumor in the muscles of the abdomen near the left leg. From that time it seemed to grow rapidly. While my master was away from Rock Island, previous to his moving to Boston, this tumor grew steadily, and when he returned to take us all east with him, it had developed into a large growth, half as large as her head. The doctor consulted with other physicians, his brother and Dr. Arp of Moline, and they decided that it would shortly take her life if it were not removed.

So my master arranged for an operation one day and, with the assistance of several other physicians, removed the growth. He was very much afraid to operate, because, I heard him say, animals — and especially dogs — do not take ether so well as men. A dog is very liable to die from the effects of the anesthetic. But Bess took it very well, and the operation was successful; I heard my master say it was one of the bloodiest he ever attempted to perform. The tumor, after it was removed, weighed five pounds.

I didn't see Bess for three days. At the end of that time she came to the stable, and seemed very much as usual, didn't limp as badly as before. I could see that she was all tied up in white bandages, but she seemed very natural and happy and lively. Perhaps you would not believe that a patient could be out in three days after such a serious operation; but I have heard Master say that dogs recover much more rapidly than people. Anyway, the facts of the case are that she was out and stayed in the stable all of the time after the third day, and was soon nearly well. This was just before we started on our long and memorable journey.

XXX

*A THOUSAND MILES IN A
PRIVATE CAR*

A WONDERFUL TRIP ACROSS COUNTRY

ANYONE reading the heading of this chapter might stop there and think I was telling that which was not true, or that I, the horse, had stopped relating his

life experiences, and someone else had taken up the story at this point; but I am still at the helm and am now about to acquaint my readers with what to me has been the most wonderful chapter in my whole life's history, — my famous trip in a private car in December, 1895, from Rock Island, Illinois, to Boston, Massachusetts.

I really think I had felt all of the time since my master returned to Rock Island, on Nov. 14, 1895, that something unusual, very unusual, was going to happen. During the days and weeks preceding our start my master seemed especially kind and attentive to me: when he came into my stable he patted and caressed me more even than usual, although he had always paid a great deal of attention to me all of my life. As the days went by, there seemed to be an unaccountable something, I can hardly describe it, in the atmosphere. I felt a peculiar nervousness all through my system. My master seemed preoccupied, my master's brother acted differently towards him; and, in short, I felt that we were about to do something

strange, I did not understand and could not tell what.

I don't know why my master hadn't told me about it. Possibly he had spoken of it in my presence and I had not understood. Anyway, I didn't know just what was going to happen until the morning of the 12th of December. When my master and his brother came into the stable, I felt fully convinced that something would take place that day different from anything that had ever come into my life, and I paid particular attention to what was said. They were talking about the "start," about the "car," about the "hour that the train would leave"; and then Frank said:

"When are you going to take Don down to the car?"

Master patted me on the hips, came in beside me and stroked my nose and said: "Well, Old Don, you are going to leave Rock Island. This is your last day. Aren't you sorry?" Although I did not fully appreciate the purport of his words, my heart gave a great throb, and I felt almost ill, when I heard him say to

Frank, "We must take Don to the car by four o'clock because the train leaves at six."

From that time all was hurry and bustle. Things were being taken down to the car, my harness and blankets and all of the things in the stable that belonged to my people; and at four o'clock my master and his brother came to the stable, hitched up Nellie (I have spoken of Nellie as belonging to Dr. Frank) and led me behind the carriage out of the stable, out of the grounds, into the street. Dr. Frank then lived on Twenty-Third Street; how well I remember my last look at that street and his house! We went down to Fourth Avenue, along Fourth Avenue to Twentieth Street, down Twentieth Street to Second Avenue, and down Second Avenue, where I had been so many times before, to Eighteenth Street. Turning in there for a moment the boys went into the office and came out with their hands full of articles which the doctor had failed to put into the car. Back into the carriage, they turned round into Second Avenue again and I took my last look at Eighteenth Street and the place where I

stood all night on two different occasions, the place that I knew better than any other place in the world, as that had been my constant headquarters when in the harness for all of the years that I lived in Rock Island, — down Second Avenue by the business blocks and the banks and down Seventeenth Street to the depot. And then I thought my troubles had just begun!

I didn't understand what was going to be done. I was led up on a high platform and along beside a box car. I had seen box cars at a distance a great many times, but I had never been so close to one. The big side door was open and my master stepped in and wanted me to follow. I hesitated, but just then Frank came along and said, "Go on, Old Don, it's perfectly safe." I tremblingly stepped over the bridge built from the platform to the car and into the car, which was to be my home for the next four days.

As soon as I became accustomed to the light I could see many familiar things. I occupied the middle portion of the car between the two

side doors, which made a large box stall — a very comfortable place, plenty of straw on the floor, so much that I could not feel the floor at all. At the left of me were piled almost as high as my back bags full of corn and oats. As I remember it now, there were fifty bushels of corn and fifty of oats. On my right were bales of hay, a couple or three tons, not piled so high as the corn on the other side, but coming up about as high as my body.

The top of the baled hay was nice and level and on this my master was to live during the trip. He had a carpet spread over it, and on it an easy chair, a couch and a table. Under the table was Bess. Everything seemed to be arranged for my master's comfort and convenience, and for Bess's comfort and mine.

In the far ends of the car were stored all of the effects of our household and barn: furniture, books and everything which my people owned in the line of personal property.

I was looking about noting all these things, when I started in sudden fright, for my master stepped out and closed the door, and I thought

he was going to leave me. He happened to think of me just then and putting his head back he reached in and stroked my nose and said, "Don't be afraid, Don, I shall be back in a few minutes," — and they were gone.

In a very short time my master and his brother did come back. They had been to attend to the last few things that my master had to do, and to take Nellie back to the stable, because, as I soon learned, my master's brother was going with us. They had been in the car but a few minutes when the train pulled out of the station. As we went across the ferry landing, looking up Eighteenth Street I caught just a glimpse, through a crack in the door, of all of the old scenes. We were soon going up under the viaduct and through the lumber yards by the Rock Island station and shortly were pulling up through Moline.

I wondered where Dr. Frank was going, and my curiosity was satisfied when we got just a little above Moline: the train stopped, my master opened the door, Frank said a hasty goodby and jumped out to take the electrics

home — and we three were alone to continue the journey that we had so auspiciously started.

This was the first time I had ever been in a car or on the railroad. At first I was afraid, but I soon got used to the motion and the jar, and began to feel safer because my master was there and I saw that he was not afraid.

I started this chapter by speaking of a private car. Well, this was a private car in every sense of the word. We owned the car outright during those days that we occupied it. It was our private property as much as is a house the property of the man who rents it to live in, and we were very comfortable.

I did not understand then, but I did before the journey was over, that I stood the wrong way of the car. My new stall was so made that I had to stand crosswise and was facing one side door with back to the other: as we came east, I was facing south. It would have been much easier for me had I stood facing east. The jar and sudden stops and bumping of the car and train would not have so nearly thrown me down so many times; but, as the

car was packed with the bags of grain on one side and the bales of hay on the other, and such a depth of straw underneath me, I don't know that it would have hurt me much if I had been thrown down. But I was not.

The first night was pretty hard. We ran fast all of the way from Rock Island to Chicago, so that by two or three o'clock in the morning we were in the Illinois Central yards in Chicago. We stopped there several hours. My master wakened many times during the night, and every time he put his hand over on my back, and that reassured me. I never felt so close to my master before. We were out in the great big world all alone together, just we three. There was such a sense of oneness between us that I was quite happy.

And Bess! I never saw her so happy and so contented. A dozen times a day she would get down from the platform, where she stayed with the doctor, and sniff round my feet and nose and talk to me the way Bess had of talking: and then she would go back up under the table and lie down perfectly satisfied.

Now that we were fully started on our journey, perhaps you would like to know how we lived. It was right in the middle of winter and very cold, but we were not cold. Ours was merely a box car, both ends filled with household effects, and near where I stood, as I have said, were the grain and the hay, so that we three occupied a little room right in the middle of the car. The doctor before we started had tacked up heavy portieres and strips of carpet, thus entirely partitioning off from us each end of the car, the parts filled with furniture; and we had just that middle section all snug and close by ourselves, so there was not much space to warm. As we kept the car shut up all of the time except when Master went on some errand, very little cold came in, and the doctor had upon the platform where he and Bess stayed a little oil-stove that he kept going nearly all the time. I think he was afraid of that stove because he watched it very closely when it was burning. I heard his brother caution him the last thing:

“Be careful of the stove,” he said, “because

you have hay in here and if it should get afire, you would all burn up before anybody could get you out of the car."

Anyway, the stove ran a great deal of the time except when the doctor was sleeping, and he also had several lanterns. Those were securely fastened up around the room in which we stayed, and they gave us light and a good deal of heat. So, altogether, while the temperature of the car was not high, it was way above freezing point and fairly comfortable.

Of course I had plenty to eat as the car was partly loaded with food for me, and it seemed to me the corn tasted unusually good on that journey. I was hungry all the time. In those days my master always fed me corn on the cob, and nothing ever tasted quite so good to me, except the green grass that I used to have when I was a colt, as that nice western corn on the cob. He got the water for me two or three times a day. When the train stopped for some purpose or other, my master would get down out of the car and run forward to the engine for a pail of water. So you see we not only had a

private car, we also had a dining car, as my master and Bess lived and ate right there with me.

My master carried a great quantity of food for himself and Bess. When I think of it I can almost hear Bess now crunching chicken bones. Chicken bones were a favorite dish with her. She didn't go about the neighborhood much stealing things from the back doors, but I think Bess could not resist chicken bones. When we were making calls together I remember seeing her tip over the garbage barrels in the alleys looking for chicken bones.

My master read and slept a great deal, in fact was lying on the couch most of the time unless he was doing something for me or preparing his own food, and I have heard him say how much he rested on that trip. You see we did not know night from day in there unless we opened the door, because of course in a box car there are no windows.

I remember once, — we had been going a long time, the doctor had been asleep, it was dark and the train was moving along steadily without a stop, — I thought the doctor would

never wake up and give me some water and something to eat; but finally he did. He jumped up and rubbed his eyes and said, "Well, Don, I guess I overslept." He had a pail of water there and he gave me a drink and some corn; Bess got up and indicated that she was hungry, and my master lighted the kerosene stove and began to prepare his own dinner. I remember that he prepared a very elaborate dinner — hot tea, and warmed up some of his food, cold chicken, bread and butter, mince pie! and a lot of things.

He was a long time eating and when he got through and was clearing the table, he happened to take out his watch and look at it, and what do you think? It was two o'clock in the morning! So you can see that we literally did not know night from day.

We were delayed in Chicago that morning until nearly noon. My master got quite excited because he thought they were going to leave our car there until night, and we should have to go on another train. Two or three officials came and talked with him about it;

but, as he insisted so strongly, our car finally left in its place and we pulled out in the train that we started with.

Things were rather monotonous all that afternoon. Going down through South Chicago and out across Indiana into Michigan, we did not get to the tunnel under the St. Clair River until in the night, and my master was asleep; but just as the train began to run down the incline approaching the tunnel, he awoke and jumping up exclaimed, "Don! we are way down, fifty feet under water!"

I remember a peculiar sensation as we slid down the steep incline; as we went in under the river and seemed to reach the bottom, the car distinctly turned and the forward end of it was higher than the rear — and then we were going up hill again. So much smoke came into the car we could hardly breathe, but soon we seemed to have gotten up out of it, and my master said, "Well, Old Don, we are all in bond. We cannot get out of here now or take anything out of this car, or we shall be arrested as smugglers."

All the next day, and for two days, we were in Canada. The doctor often opened the door, and I remember what a beautiful level country Canada was. There was not much snow. The fields were all brown and bare, but so level they made me think somewhat of my early home in Illinois when I was a colt.

We went through a great many large towns and cities. On the morning of the third day we had stopped in a town—I don't know the name of it, but it was large with immense railroad yards. I think we stopped for the purpose of icing some of the cars in our train. I don't know that I have told you, but our train was what is known as the fast freight containing principally perishable goods like meat, dairy products, eggs, fruit, etc.; and at a point about half way between Chicago and Boston they usually iced the cars, and they were icing them at this point in Canada. We were there a long time.

The doctor got out several times. Once Bess slipped out behind him before he could shut the door. You see she had been in the car since we

started and she was crazy to get out and run. She did run too as hard as she could across the freight yard, under half a dozen freight trains, and was soon out of sight. I was scared, because I was looking out and I saw her disappear, and I thought, what if the train should start! I know the doctor was greatly alarmed. He ran after her calling in the most distressed tones for her to come back; and in doing so, he ran great risk of his life, because he went under half a dozen freight trains. If any one of them had started, he would have been crushed to death. And our train was liable to start any time and leave him! In about ten minutes, however, the doctor came back breathing very hard. I know he had had a hard run. He brought Bess with him, and as he threw her into the car by the scruff of the neck he said:

“There! you rascal! You have caused me more trouble than you ever did before in your life.” I think Bess felt pretty cheap; and yet you could hardly blame her. I don’t think the doctor blamed her, but he was very glad when he got her back into the car.

The train didn't start, however, for nearly an hour after that, and I don't think it stopped again until we came up to Niagara on the Canadian side.

XXXI

NIAGARA

WE remained some time on the Canadian side. My master kept opening the door and looking out; and once he got out of the car, but only for a minute. When he came back he did not go up into his apartment, but stayed around and seemed particularly excited and interested. He kept patting me and saying: "Old Don, we shall soon be back in the United States. We are now about to cross the Niagara River."

I didn't know what it all meant, but as the train started up my master kept looking out and I could tell from the motion of the car that we were approaching and going on the bridge. There is that peculiar sensation which everyone

who has traveled at all experiences when he approaches a bridge, and also when he goes upon the structure. Just as we got upon the bridge, my master opened the door a little way and looked out; I put my nose on his shoulder and looked too, and what a queer feeling it gave me! We seemed to be so high; as we looked down, down, down, at first I could not see anything and I didn't know what to make of it. It was an entirely new sensation. I should have been very much frightened had my master not been near me. There must have been something in the atmosphere, some peculiar motion of the car, for Bess got up and jumped down from her place and, poking her nose between Master's legs, looked out with us. As we went farther and farther upon the bridge, my curiosity got the better of me and with my nose I pushed the door open a little more, so that I had a more extended view.

My master laughed at my maneuver and said, "Old Don, do you want to see Niagara?" and at that moment he pushed the door wide open, so that I had the whole grand panorama



Painting by Grace Loring Basset

BESS

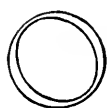
A Portrait at Ten

before me. Such a sight! Way down, two hundred feet below us, was that rushing, foaming, seething torrent, and far up the river — but clearly within our view — was the wonderful fall. I well remember the impressions I had, and the awe and wonder that filled me. I know that my manner impressed my master, because, instead of looking at the fall and the water and the imposing view before him, he turned and looked at me, and he seemed more surprised at my looks and attitude than at the scene outside. I have often heard him try to describe my expression. I have heard him say: “Why, Old Don looked like a war horse in the heat of battle, with dilating nostrils, bulging eyes, arched neck, a very king of a horse.”

Well, it was soon over, and we all took a long breath. My master closed the door and went back into his apartment and lay down. I had passed through one of the most unique experiences that a horse ever had, and we were in America again! Do you know — I have thought of it a great many times — I do not believe that ever before in all the world has a

horse had just that view of Niagara. I couldn't have had it if I had not stood exactly as I did in the car, as I told you, in the wrong position; and, as I stood there, if someone had not opened the door just at that moment, I could not have had the view; and so I doubt if ever any horse has been so fortunate as I in seeing that wonderful river and waterfall from a point over two hundred feet up in the air, and in having that grand expanse of scenery spread out before him.

XXXII

ON TO BOSTON

OUR train did not remain long at Niagara after it had crossed the river; and while we were waiting there Master looked out only once: — then he got down and out of the car to bring me some water from the engine. Soon the train was in motion again and we were well under way on the last half of our journey. It was a beautiful day, and we pushed ahead rapidly all of that afternoon.

The New York Central all the way across New York State is a four track road, and all through freights run very fast.

Once in a while Master would open the door and we would look out over the brown fields and the frozen streams and rivers. I remember Rochester particularly as we kept the door open some of the time while passing through that city, and in places we crossed bridges high up over the streets with electric cars running underneath. It would have given me a feeling of fear had I not so recently had that thrilling experience at Niagara; but it grew dark early, and shortly after leaving Rochester everything was dark outside, so my master did not open the door again.

I remember very well when he gave me my supper that night; it consisted of *six* large ears of corn, and he said: "I will give you one extra tonight, Old Don, in memory of this day. It certainly has been a great one for you and for me." Then my master got his supper and gave Bess hers, and he sat for a long time eating and reading and talking to Bess and me. Some-

time along in the evening he got down from his apartment and gave me an extra heavy bedding, so that the straw was almost up to my body. Then he went to bed and read by the light of one of his lanterns, until way into the night.

I don't know that I have told you just how my master had his books. Back of the place I have called "the apartment" built up with the bales of hay was a large book-case without doors. It was a heavy case that my master had had in his office for what he called his overflow library. This was filled with all sorts of books after it was put in place in the car. Of course the platform arrangement built up by the hay covered part of the book-case, but three or four shelves extended above the platform upon which my master stayed; so that, as he lay in his couch at night, his left hand came next to the book-case and he could reach out and get any kind of book that he wanted. The only one about which I heard him speak especially was a volume of Victor Hugo's *Les Misérables*, the one that contains the description of the Battle of Waterloo. He must have

read it two or three times, for once he read it aloud — not that he thought it would entertain Bess or me, I guess, but I think he enjoyed the language. I have heard him say that it was the finest language he ever read.

Of course at that time I was not especially interested in fine language; now I begin to appreciate what he meant, and I would advise anyone who has read *this* book for a while to read something good — for instance, Hugo's description of the Battle of Waterloo.

It was on this journey that my attention was first called to books, papers, magazines, to literature. You see, for the first time in my life I was really in a house, shut up with a man and with books and with literary surroundings, and I could not help thinking about it somewhat. It was the furthest from my mind then that I should ever write a book, but I have thought much more about books and the things they contain since that journey.

We had a fairly good night; that was the last night that we were all together in the car. I think my master must have slept very

soundly, and so did Bess; because there was not a move or word from either of them until early morning, I should say just at dawn, when my master awoke, turned very suddenly, jumped up and shouted: "Good morning, Old Don! This is our last day. We shall be in New England in a very few minutes. We are in Albany now, the capital of the great state of New York."

We didn't stop at the city he called Albany, but Master opened the door, and soon we came to a bridge. "Don," he said, "yesterday morning you saw Niagara; this morning you shall see the beautiful and romantic Hudson." As we ran out on the bridge which crosses the river at Albany, I looked down on Hudson River. We were high above it, and it was beautiful, but it didn't seem much compared with the wonderful scene of the morning before.

When we reached the other side of the bridge, our train was pushed on a side track. We stood there a long time, and it was then my master had the most trouble of any time during the journey, on account of the size of the car. The

Boston and Albany did not want to take the car on the through train, because they said it was so large it would not go under the bridges in South Boston. They uncoupled the car and were about to push it away from the train when my master said so much, even going back to the office and talking with the man in charge of affairs at that station, that, after a lot of argument and pleading and I guess some threats of suits for damages, our car was left with the train; and, after hours of delay, not until noon or after, we were finally on our way east, in the same train and in the same place in the train that we had occupied since we left Chicago three days before.

Every detail of that afternoon is perfectly clear in my mind. I felt that the end of our journey was coming. I had a suspicion that Master was going to leave us; I dreaded to have him go. He had been several times during the journey away from us for an hour when he went back to what he called the "pony," a little box car in which the train men ride. I think only twice had he been away for any

length of time; but I remember this afternoon he went back and was gone a long time, or so it seemed to us, though probably not more than an hour; and, just before we came to Pittsfield, he returned to us. Climbing into the car he said: "Well, folks, we are in New England and in the heart of the Berkshire Hills. We shall soon be in Boston." He kept the door open much of the time so that we could see the beautiful brown and green hills and valleys and frozen streams as we passed along.

Oh, it was a day to be remembered; but it got dark early, and along about eight o'clock we ran into Westfield. It was here that Master hurriedly took off his long white surgeon's coat, put on his overcoat, packed into a grip some few toilet articles that he had used during the journey, gave me a tremendous supper saying, "Old Don, that will have to be your supper and breakfast," put a big pail of water by me, gave Bess an abundance of food, patted me and stroked my nose, patted Bess, said goodby and jumped out. I heard the key

turn in the padlock on the outside of the car, — and he was gone! We were alone in that dark car, — no fire, no lanterns, no master to keep up our courage with his cheering presence and words. Perhaps you think that was not a blue night.

All night there was a steady rumble of the train, and towards morning there was a lot of bumping and shifting and creaking, backing up and going forward, and we seemed to be switching from one side to the other. Then all was still and we didn't move again. I had eaten all the food that my master had given me, and had drunk the water; Bess had eaten everything she had, and had been down and drunk out of my pail twice, — still no one came. It was just as dark, but I knew that it could not be night. I was sure that it was getting along towards noon. Why didn't Master come! I called and called, and Bess barked; but no one opened the door. I could hear men outside, could hear bumping and rolling as if things were being taken out of cars; still no one came to our door.

At last I heard a lady's voice and it sounded like my mistress's. It had been a long time since I had seen her or heard her voice, but I felt that I was not mistaken. Then I heard my master: — "I am sure of the number, and it is a red car and very high. The number is 13,963."

Then came the voice of my mistress: — "Here it is; this is a big car, and the number is thirteen hundred — no, thirteen *thousand*, nine hundred and sixty-three. It is red too; this is the car, — we are coming Don!"

I answered just as loudly as I could, Bess barked; then I heard the key in the lock, the door was thrown open and there stood my master and mistress and the man. They had all come to take Bess and me to our new home out in Dorchester.

And this was the end of my famous journey in a private car!

XXXIII

*MY FIRST TRIP FROM BOSTON
TO DORCHESTER*

I FOUND it more of a job to get out of that car than it was to get into it. It seemed comparatively easy to walk into it from the station at Rock Island, but walking out of the car in the freight yard in South Boston was quite a different thing. There was no high platform, no easy incline. They put up to the door a kind of ladder bridge, over which they expected me to descend to the ground. I wanted to get out, because the first minute that the door opened Bess bounded out, and she never stepped foot into that car again. Although I was just as anxious to get out, I couldn't do it so easily as Bess had. When that ladder-like arrangement was put up and I looked at it, it didn't seem to me that I ever could go down that steep incline; but when it was in place and my master and the man came up into the car and patted me and fed me and gave me some water, and my mis-

tress stayed outside and talked to me, I decided that I would try it; so I very gingerly put out first one fore foot and then the other and I found that it was not quite so hard after all; soon my whole body and all four feet were out on the ladder — two or three steps and I was down on the ground again.

Oh, didn't it seem good to be in the open air and on the firm ground! I felt so good that I couldn't help dancing round and kicking up my heels. But my master was in no mood then to let me frisk about the freight yard; he was too anxious to get me out, and too glad to have us in Boston to wait long; and very soon we started for Dorchester.

They had come for me in a democrat with one of the doctor's horses, by the name of Dick. My master and mistress sat on the seat and drove and talked while the man sat in behind and led me. It seemed very nice for the first mile or two: I felt so good I wanted to prance; but I had been in that small cramped space so long that, before we had gotten far from the freight yard, my legs began to give

out, and before I was half way to Dorchester I was so tired it seemed to me I could not walk any farther. My master stopped every few minutes and let me rest; he got out and rubbed my legs and talked to me and then I could go on a little.

I was glad when we left the foggy city and got out where the buildings were not so high or so near together. It seemed more like home. I didn't then, and I don't now like the dense city: the buildings are so thick they make me nervous. On this first trip everything was new and strange. I had been shut up so long in that dark car that my eyes soon began to pain, the slanting winter sun coming square into my face as we went out south toward Dorchester.

I remember that journey very well. I have been over much of the same road a hundred times, but not more than two or three times have I been away down town since that day.

Soon we got out into Roxbury and I remember the long climb up Warren Street to Grove Hall. Then we came in sight of Franklin Park. That made me glad; it reminded me of Rock

Island and the country about the Mississippi River. The trees and shrubs, although it was winter, all looked beautiful to me. We stopped awhile at Franklin Park and Glenway Street, and I drank at a trough. How good that water tasted! I have drunk there hundreds of times since, and in other places in and about Boston, but there is no place in all of New England at which I have ever drunk where the water tastes so good as it does there; and I never drink at that trough that I do not remember the first time I stopped there and took my first real drink of water in New England.

After we had rested somewhat and my master and mistress had talked to me, rubbed and patted me, we started for the last half mile down Glenway Street, all of the way downhill. In a few minutes we reached our destination and Master led me into the big barn that was to be my home for the next six years. It was a stable where other horses were kept. There was the grocer's horse Dick which came for me; then there were the other horses; one by the name of Jim, which the grocer kept, a black

horse called Don which belonged to another gentleman, and one other; I do not remember the name.

I had a fine, wide stall, and I can remember how good it looked to me, all filled with straw, and how good the hay tasted and the oats that I had that night, and how quickly I laid down in that straw when I once got into the stall and how I slept that first night. It took me a week to get rested, but I was home at last; and this is not only the end of the thousand miles in a private car, but the end of my journey.

XXXIV

ONE OF OUR BEST FRIENDS

I HAVE often referred to "The Captain," but I want to tell you more about him before we get too far away from Rock Island. I used to go oftener to the Captain's house than to any other place in Rock Island. How well I remember him! He was such a fine-

looking man. I have heard Master say he looked like a judge or a senator. I think I knew him better than any other man outside of my own family, and I never knew a man so fond of horses as was the Captain. He always kept several and drove a great deal. I saw him more often at our office than I did at his house, because of course if I went to his house he usually saw the doctor and not me; but nearly every day for years, unless he happened to be ill at home, I saw the Captain. You see he was president of the bank and his office and ours were in the same building.

How many times he has come along where I stood and spoken to me. "Well, Old Don," he would say, "how are you today? Business good? Does the doctor treat you well? Does he feed you? You are looking well." Oh, I have a warm place in my heart for the Captain. Of course there are other captains, but to me and to all of us *the* Captain means but one person.

We used to go to his home pretty often; most of the time professionally: someone was

sick, either the Captain or his wife, his son or his son's wife or some guest in the house. And yet we were there a great many times when no one was sick. Quite often my master and mistress would be invited to dinner or supper, and I would be put into the stable and fed. I have always enjoyed dining out. Although I was well fed at home, I think I was fed a little better when dining out; and you can't blame a horse for thinking a good deal about his stomach and what he eats. It may seem sordid and common, but just the same it is one of his chief pleasures in life.

I started out to tell of a particular time when we went to the Captain's house. We had been going there every day, twice and three times, and occasionally in the night, for many weeks; when one evening about nine o'clock my master ordered me hitched up and we knew in the stable that it was a hurry call, so I was on the way in about two minutes. It was in the summer and a pleasant evening and Mistress was sitting on the porch as we came out; she asked if she might go and the doctor said she

might if she would be quick, so she hurried out and got into the buggy and we drove very fast up to the Sixth Avenue gate of the Captain's residence.

My master, without saying anything, jumped out and ran up the walk with his bag. He was gone a long time. I thought Mistress went to sleep, and yet I doubt if she did, because she was anxious. I was sure something very serious must be going on or he wouldn't stay so long. We could see lights flashing out over the great house, as if different people were going from one room to another, until the whole house was lighted. We saw and heard someone rapidly leave the house by the Twentieth Street entrance and in a very few minutes three gentlemen came running down Twentieth Street and into the house. In about an hour and a half, Master came slowly down the path and as slowly climbed in.

Mistress exclaimed: "What have you been doing? Is the Captain worse?"

"For a few minutes there was no Captain," and the doctor's voice sounded tired.

“What do you mean?” said Mistress.

“He came the nearest to death that ever I saw a man come and still live”; and this is what my master said as we jogged home that night.

“When I got into the house, all was confusion. The Captain had had a very serious hemorrhage and was still bleeding. The two nurses had been unable to control the hemorrhage and when I came into the room the Captain was just breathing. He looked up at me with that pleasant smile and said in a faint voice: ‘I guess it’s about over for me; but you’ve been faithful and done all you could.’ I couldn’t stop to talk to him, but set about to try to control the flow of blood. Before I had really accomplished anything, that awful pallor swept over the entire body, face and hands, and the eyes took on that peculiar deathly look, — one little gasp and the Captain was gone.

“Of course at that moment the hemorrhage stopped. There was no pulse at the wrist, no heart throb that I could detect. Sending one of the nurses for the family, I administered

several hypodermic injections of stimulants and medicine, and kept the nurses chafing his hands and feet. We opened the windows and fanned him. I hadn't the slightest idea that the Captain would ever breathe again; but you see the thing that caused the condition had stopped, and it was in reality a very profound faint. In a minute or less I felt a slight pulse at the wrist and could detect the sound of the heart; in two or three minutes he began to breathe, spasmodically at first, but soon regularly; and in half an hour he was almost as well as before, though very weak. I believe that we are through with the hemorrhage, and I believe the Captain will come out and be all right in a few weeks."

"Who were those men you sent for?" asked my mistress.

"Oh, those were Judge S—— and his assistant. There was a little matter of business the Captain wanted to fix up. He spoke of it yesterday, and when he revived so unexpectedly, the family thought he might feel easier if his legal advisers came in, so they were sent for."

We had reached home by this time; Master and Mistress went in and I heard no more about the Captain's case that night. The next morning early we went up and everything was progressing satisfactorily; so the doctor made a short call and came out looking very happy. In a few days, from what I heard and saw, I knew that the Captain was on the road to rapid recovery. In less than a month he resumed his duties at the office and I again saw him nearly every day.

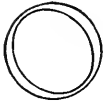
The first time he came he rode down, and as he stepped out of his carriage right in front of me, he spied me and said: "Hello, Old Don! A month ago I didn't expect ever to see you again," — and he walked into the bank as erect as ever! Oh, I tell you the Captain was a fine-looking man, and one of our best friends.

You may have noticed that I have referred to myself almost from the start as "Old Don," and you may wonder if I were never young. I was less than three years old when I came to my master, but one of the first men to take care of me was a medical student who lived in my

master's family and studied medicine, and did some work for his board. Among other things he took care of me. Then I could not have been over four or five years old, but he always referred to me as "Old Don," and from that time on nearly everybody called me either "Don" or "Old Don."

XXXV

MY MASTER MAKES A MISTAKE

 OF course he has made many mistakes, but this one in particular was a good mistake to make, because it taught him, so he says, one of the best lessons of his life. I have just been telling about the Captain, and his apparent death and restoration; it seems a good place here to tell another story which also goes to show that one must never give up.

Once after we came to Boston (I am not sure about the time, but it was probably sometime during the first year) we were going

to see a young lady over in Dorchester. We had been going there for a week or two. I knew from things that Master had said at different times that the young lady had been a patient of his for some months, had been coming to the office; but had gradually failed until at last she was unable to come, and he had to visit her in her home. I think she had been getting worse rapidly, because my master went several times a day; and it was easy to see that he was anxious about her.

He had been there one morning for a long time. Mistress was outside with me. When Master came out, he looked very sober and seemed to be greatly distressed in his mind. He got into the buggy and drove off. Nothing was said for some little time. Finally Master drew a long breath and said, "How I dread the next call at that house!"

"Why?" asked my mistress; "Is the patient so much worse?"

"Yes, she is so much worse that she has been almost hopeless for days. I have known that, but this afternoon I have got to tell her."

“What do you do that for? I thought you never told a patient his case was hopeless.”

“I never do; I don’t really think any case is absolutely hopeless. This one, perhaps, is as nearly hopeless as a case can be.”

“Well, then, why do you tell her?”

“The family insist upon it. They say that she must know it; they don’t feel that it would be right for her not to know that she is so near death as she apparently is. I have argued with them and said all that I could, but they insist that she shall be told, and that I am the right one to do it; and I suppose I shall have to. I have told them that no case is entirely hopeless, that of course there is a possibility of even this patient recovering; but they feel that, when the chances are so many in favor of her not recovering, she should be told just how it is; so I have got to go back this afternoon and tell her.”

We drove along and made two or three other calls; there was not much more said; both the occupants of the carriage seemed rather sober. In the afternoon about five o’clock we

started again for this same house. Hardly a word was said that I overheard, although my mistress was in the carriage with the doctor as before. When we got to the door the doctor jumped out and walked briskly into the house, as if he were going to a pleasant instead of a hard task. He made a call of ordinary length, was in the house perhaps fifteen or twenty minutes, and came out looking quite cheerful and bright. As soon as he was in the carriage, before even I had started, my mistress said: "What did you do? What did the patient say?" And my master replied with enthusiasm: —

"She is a great woman! She is brave and true. I wish everyone could feel as she feels, and could do as she does; how much better and happier this world would be, and how much easier!"

"What did she say?"

"Why, she said she knew that she was very sick, and that she probably could not get well, and it was not necessary for me to tell her, but she was glad I had; because I had done

as her people wanted and perhaps had done right; — ‘But,’ and she looked at me with almost a twinkle in her eye, ‘I believe I am going to get well!’ Now, what do you think of that!”

“Do *you* think so?” asked my mistress.

“I don’t know; she is better this afternoon. I could see that she was as soon as I went into the house; there had been a change for the better, but I had this awful thing in my mind, the family insisted that I do it, and really without considering the improvement I blundered ahead with my message.”

They talked more or less about the case; we went on and made other calls and finally went home, and the day ended much as other days have.

But to finish about the case. The next day when we went there the patient was better, and the next day still better. In a week she was convalescent; and in two or three weeks, instead of our making calls upon her, she came to the office, and was soon well!

My real reason for telling all this is to show my master’s position in this matter of life and

death. I have heard him state it over and over again to different people, perhaps not always in the same words, but the same idea: that no one can tell just when the time is going to come, and that no one has any right to say that this person or that person cannot live, that such a patient is incurable or that another one will positively not live through the night; that he never gives up, but keeps on trying to save the patient's life, trying to make it last a little longer, — an hour, a day, a week, a month, a year, perhaps ten years; and that in his opinion a day is as good to one person as to another; and he does not feel because one is eighty or ninety or more, he is useless, but that if he is eighty why not live to be eighty-one or eighty-five or ninety? if ninety, why not live to be ninety-one or ninety-five? that no one can tell what any person may accomplish by *just one hour more of life*, what wonderful things may be done even in that one hour. Whether the person be a young lady in her teens or an old man in his nineties, his motto should be, "Hope and live on!"

XXXVI

THE GIPSY CAMP

PEOPLE who travel in the night, only in the city and suburbs, haven't any idea how dark country roads are, especially in the summer and when no moon or stars are shining. I do not remember of being really afraid in the night except two or three times: once when we were driving into Rock Island from Edgington after night and it was very dark; but it was in the winter, and there were spots of snow on the ground, and, although it was a starless night, yet, there being no leaves on the trees, there was not the jet blackness of the summer when the trees are in full leaf, and there is nothing white upon the ground.

This was shortly after Rock Island was lighted by electricity, which was in the early '80s, I think '82 or '83. The system of lighting was by "the Towers," high towers made of gas pipe, some of them one hundred and twenty-five feet high. Upon the tiptop of these towers were placed two electric lights. They

were pretty but they didn't light the streets of the city very well. They did, however, throw light a long distance.

On the night of which I speak when we were about three or four miles beyond Milan (eight or perhaps ten miles from home), the Tower lights were something beautiful. They sent to us a continuous path of light such as you have seen the moon make upon the water; and really, although we were nearly ten miles away, those lights gave us a great deal of help in seeing the way and the roads.

On the night about which I started to tell, however, there was no moon; the stars were obscured; the trees were in full leaf, and there was nothing to reflect light. We were called about eleven o'clock to go and see a sick baby in a gipsy camp beyond Chippianock, up a long hill the road of which was used rarely, down another long hill, — no real road, only a path through the field; down through a woodlot where it was as dark as dark could be, and into a camp of gipsies.

The camp had recently been located there.

Nobody in Rock Island knew about it. The man who came for my master spoke broken English but described as well as he could the situation of the camp, and said: "I go with you, — light way." Mistress would not let us go alone, so she went along. The man had started on before us, and we overtook him by the cemetery.

All of the way I am sure my master had a peculiar, creepy sensation; I could feel it in the lines, and I myself was apprehensive, scared and uncertain. I heard Master say: "I don't know who the man is, — you don't suppose he is luring us out there to get us into trouble?" That frightened Mistress, and two or three times they were on the point of turning round and going back; but the thought of the sick baby kept them from doing it.

Going up the long hill, a rough unused road south of the cemetery, we were all much frightened again and came very near retreating; but the man with the lantern urged us to follow, calling back: "All right, I take you there. Road it all safe. My wife give you cup of tea."

I had never been in such a dark place, or on such a rough road, or so far away from "civilization"; and that little bit of a lantern (the one light inside of it was a candle) only served to make it seem darker and more fierce all about us. When we reached the top of the hill, we caught a glimpse of a camp-fire in some woodland down in the valley. Even then we were not at all sure that it was not a band of robbers, but we had gone so far and felt it was best to keep on. Master drove me gingerly, carefully down the hill. The way became so rough that he got out and led me.

At the bottom was a level cleared space. A little farther on we could discern by the light of a fire the outlines of a camp, and we heard one of the weirdest sounds, — the cry of the child. Then I could sense courage in my master's touch: he felt and acted differently, because he knew it was not a band of robbers, but merely a camp of men, women and children; he knew no harm would come to us, and possibly we could do them some good.

He soon reached the wagon in which the little

baby was lying. It had just had a spasm, and the sound that we had heard was the first cry it gave after the spasm had left its little convulsed body.

Of course the little home being out-of-doors I was very near, and by the light of the lantern could see the child's mother, — a queer-looking woman, almost as dark as a colored woman, — and a little sick baby lying on a pillow in the back of the wagon. All at once the poor little thing went into another spasm. Such awful contortions! It frightened Mistress: she thought the baby was dying.

Master administered ether. That was the first time I ever smelled ether, — I should think it would be awful to take it. Soon the baby was quiet. He gave some medicine, and we waited there for an hour. The child had no more spasms, seemed all right; and along in the wee small hours of the morning we crept slowly up the hill, back by the cemetery and were soon on our way home, lighted somewhat the rest of the distance by the tall towers and the lights of Rock Island.

XXXVII

INSTINCT OR REASON?

I HAVE put these two words at the beginning of the chapter; I don't know what they mean; I have not seen anyone yet who did. I hear people speak of animal instinct; I believe that animals reason. I don't believe there is any material difference between what is known as animal instinct and reason, — except in degree. All animal life, vegetable life so far as that is concerned, have certain instinctive traits of character and seeming knowledge.

The squash vine, as it runs along the ground, immediately reaches up to a limb of a tree or a stick or any visible support that is not too far above it, and in a short time has it firmly in the clasp of its tendrils: the instinctive demand of nature to lay hold of something secure, — the vine is not able to support itself in mid-air. Master says the babe, with the same instinct of self-preservation, before, of course, it is old enough to have the slightest

trace of reasoning power, seizes upon whatever is near its mouth for animal sustenance.

Then too, all animals reason somewhat, reason from cause to effect; and I think, my master thinks, many people think, from effect back to cause.

Now I never liked to go on the Mississippi River when it was frozen over. That was not instinct. Do you suppose there is a man in Rock Island who knew better than I did just where the Mississippi River was, just what it was? Why, I have seen it and looked at it and studied and thought about it for hours, more than my master ever did; because I have been tied upon its banks a thousand times, have stood hours and looked at that great expanse of water flowing between the two cities; have seen the boats going up and down on its bosom; have watched the ferry go and come, and come and go hour after hour, day after day, month after month and year after year, as I stood in front of the office on Eighteenth Street. Is it any wonder that I was suspicious of it, although it was frozen over and

snow on it, and there was a track and other horses had been across?

That is not instinct; that is reason. I knew that great body of water. I was afraid that the ice-bridge would not hold. I have crossed the Mississippi River hundreds of times on the ice: I never yet stepped foot upon it that I was not more or less afraid; I never yet stepped foot off from it when I was not glad that I was again safely over the river.

I was always more afraid of the ice than of the ferry, — I rather liked the ferry. The owner of the ferry was our special friend, the Captain, and he always gave us a pass; so half the time, instead of going round by the long bridge, we would go on the ferry. I was a little afraid at first; it took me some time to get used to the jiggly, apron-like bridge over which we had to pass to get from the ground to the ferry dock. When once I was on the little dock, I no longer felt afraid; but I got used to all of it and learned to enjoy the ferry.

It would not be fair to the animals if they had no reasoning power. Domestic as well as

wild animals are constantly, every day of their lives, getting into places and positions where they have to decide between issues; and they are going to make their decision intelligently or unintelligently. As a rule an animal, left to himself, makes an intelligent decision; and it seems to me and to my master that man takes upon himself great authority, authority which certainly is not vested in man, when he says that animals do not reason.

XXXVIII

SOMEONE FORGOT

I HADN'T any idea of relating this bit of my history when I began to write my book; and I am not doing it now for the purpose of blaming anyone, or for drawing upon the sympathy of my readers; but, to show how completely we horses are dependent upon our owners, and how easy it is to make us bear needless suffering and exposure and loss of rest, I am going to tell of two occasions when I

stood on the street all night, because my master forgot me. I don't wish the readers to blame him; I don't blame him myself, for I know just how tired he was and just how many things he had on his mind. It was at the time of year when we were the busiest and of course it came harder upon me than it would any other time; because when my master was busy, tired and forgetful, that was the time when I was over-worked and especially in need of my rest.

One evening in November, 1888, my master drove me to the office in Rock Island. He didn't usually do this unless he had some special work to do after office hours. He preferred that I should stay in the barn and get my rest and that he take the short walk to the office, of seven blocks (less than half a mile), for his evening hours. This evening, however, as he was especially tired and was afraid there would be some calls to make after office hours, he drove me up and tied me to the ring in the sidewalk in front of the office, where I have been tied so many hundred times. Well I remember that evening: it seemed to me as if he

would never get through his office work and come out and take me home where I could get out of my harness and have some hay to eat and some water to drink, and my nice clean bed to lie down in. First one person and then another kept going into the office. You haven't any idea how I watched that door and wished the people would stop going in, so that my master could take me home.

By and by the last patient did come out, and through the glass in the big doors I could see my master getting ready to go home. He put on his overcoat and hat, turned out the electric light in the inner office and locked the door. He never turned out the light in the outer office or locked that door. Soon he stepped out on the sidewalk. I gave a sigh of relief thinking that now we were going home, — but what do you think? My master never looked at me! He seemed tired and absorbed; he was looking at the ground. He came down the steps to the sidewalk, turned and walked slowly and with an air of preoccupation towards Second Avenue. I thought perhaps he was

going into the fruit store and would surely soon come back for me, so I did not speak; but he did not come. Everybody on the street went home. The policeman passed and said, "Old Don, where is your master?" It seemed to me he might have known and gone into the office and telephoned; I tried to tell him, but he didn't understand, and he went away and left me. Still I stayed there and whinnied and pawed, started up and backed and twisted round; but nobody heard or understood me, and nobody came to take me home.

Where could my master be? Slowly the thought came over me, one that I would not at first entertain, — my master must have gone home and forgotten me; and what was I to do but stand there in the chill night air of November until morning. The hours passed, as hours always do, and the policeman came round again, spoke to me, went into my master's outer office, and ate his luncheon as he often did. The watchman of the building came and spoke to me and he went into the outside office and sat down. Why didn't those men take down the

telephone and call my master's house? How could my master sleep with his old friend and partner standing cold and tired upon the street?

Hour after hour passed; and when, as I afterwards learned, it was about three o'clock, I saw a short stocky man coming rapidly towards me from Third Avenue. Joy! It was Gibson! I was living in the livery stable at this time and Gibson had waited up for my master to bring me home. He waited and waited and thought my master must have a long case; but he would not go to bed. Finally he went to sleep on the couch. When he awoke and rubbed his eyes and found that it was three o'clock in the morning and I had not been brought home, he said it occurred to him all at once that perhaps the doctor had forgotten Old Don and left him at the office; and, as it was not far and he didn't want to go to bed without knowing that I was taken care of, he thought he would step round to the office and see, — and sure enough, there I stood.

Just as we got into the stable the telephone rang, and my master was on the line. He had

awakened at that same time and was calling Gibson to tell him to go to the office for Old Don.

That was the longest night I ever remember. I didn't really suffer. I was not cold enough to be hurt. It was simply that I didn't want to stand there; the time was long and I was tired and chilly and hungry. I wonder if it would have been better not to tell this story? Yes, I think perhaps it is just as well, — possibly it may do some good; and as it was one of the events (I assure you it was quite an event) in my life, I guess it properly belongs here.

I might add that my master was particularly good to me for a few days after that. I didn't have to work the next day. Gibson furnished Master a horse and I had a whole day off in the busiest season of the year.

The other time that my master left me out is so nearly a duplicate of the one just related I shall not go into the details; but simply say that it occurred the next spring. I didn't have such an uncomfortable time, because it

was warmer and I was not left so long. Gibson said this time he was "wise to the situation," and only waited until about one o'clock, when he decided to take a walk down to the office to see if the same thing that happened in November had not been repeated. Funny! All the time that I stood there I was waiting for Gibson. I felt as soon as my master came out of the office that he was going to leave me. I ought to have called; I should again, but I was so surprised and hurt to be left a second time that I kept hoping, until he got round the corner, that he would remember me. Then I whinnied; but by that time he was so far down Second Avenue that the high buildings between him and me prevented him from hearing me.

As soon as we were in the stable Gibson called up my master and told him that he had discovered me. Master felt mighty sorry; he came to see me early the next morning, took me out of the stall, rubbed my nose and shoulders and legs, patted me, said he was sorry and that he would never do it again. I got another vacation of a whole day.

XXXIX

WE LOSE OUR BESS

BESS had been my constant companion for twelve years. As I have said, there was a time that my master was away from me more or less, and at intervals the whole family; but Bess was never separated from me a whole week at a time. One who has not given it thought could hardly imagine what close friends a horse and a dog can become in twelve years. You see our friendship was different from that of most horses and dogs. Bess always went with me, and stayed with me a great deal: there was hardly a day that she didn't come into the stall to see me and talk to me in the way that she had. She sometimes talked audibly. I have known her to stand outside the stall and bark for five minutes at a time. She didn't quite like it because I wasn't free to go and come as she did: she wanted me to come out and run and play with her.

I had a habit with Bess which at first fright-

ened my master, and especially my mistress, very much. When Bess would come into the stall sometimes I would be so glad to see her that I would open my mouth and take her whole body in as if I were going to bite her in two; but of course I never in all my life did such a thing as even nip Bess.

Well, she didn't stay with us long after we came to Boston. I didn't see so much of her in Boston, because my stable was a little way from the house; but for a time I saw her every day and some days a good deal, especially when I was driving; for then she was inevitably with us. We had such good times that first summer in Boston. We were not so busy then and we went to drive a great deal for pleasure, and of course Bess went too. I don't believe she ever enjoyed running and playing in Boston as she used to in Rock Island; and as I now think it over, I remember how much she had to get into the buggy with my master. I was willing to have Bess ride, and yet I always enjoyed it more when she was along with me on the road.

She rarely went with us after the first sum-

mer, and the winter of 1896 and 1897 she was sick most of the time. I saw her often even then but not every day. I know my master was worried about her, because he was so careful of her whenever she went out, which was only occasionally, and then he always took her in the buggy or sleigh and never let her run.

Then there came a time when I did not see her at all, and I remember my master patting me and stroking my nose and saying: "Old Don, I guess the time is soon coming when you and I have got to do this business alone. I am afraid Bess's work is about over."

After that one day when I was tied in front of the house, and my master came out to go away, Bess came to the door and out on the porch. She looked so natural, that old sweet expression in her face. I wish I could describe to you the expression that Bess had in her face; I am afraid we haven't a picture that half tells you all it said. She had that day a soft, plaintive look such as you sometimes see in the face of the most delicate and lovable woman.

It always seemed to me that Bess had the prettiest face that ever a dog had, and few human beings have a more expressive countenance. How many times I have heard people on the street admire her face. I remember once in Rock Island a man, a stranger, stopped my master and asked him where he got that dog, and my master told him we raised her. "Well," said the man, "I can tell you who her father was. She is a daughter of Champion Argus"; and you know I have told you that she was. Then he went on and detailed to my master all about her splendid pedigree, and that wonderful countenance. He said, "I should know that face among ten thousand dogs; few of Argus's children had her wonderful expression."

My master was so much interested in the man that he asked him to get into the buggy; they rode around the streets awhile and then we took him home to dinner. He proved to be Gentry, the great bird man of Philadelphia, who probably knew more about dogs and birds than almost any other man in the United States.

I like to digress from the subject of this chapter. I could, and it would be pleasanter, go on for pages about Bess and her beautiful face and body and her beautiful dog disposition; but this is devoted to a sadder purpose, — a description of her last days.

The day that she came out on the porch with my master was in the spring of 1897 and it was the last time I ever saw her alive. I am rather glad I didn't see her again: I want to remember that look, the beautiful face, those fathomless eyes and that affectionate wag of the tail. I hope the reader will pardon me for all of this description. He may think I am writing enough to describe the character and beauty of a man or woman, but I believe that Bess was worthy of everything that I have said. I don't know why, when an animal has lived a faithful, useful, honest life, his praises should not be sung just as well as a man's would be. Bess, barring her dog limitations, was just as good and honorable and worthy as any man or woman.

On the second morning when Master came into the stable he was very sad. I knew some-

thing awful had happened, and as he came up and stroked my nose, he said: "Old Don, you and I must conduct this business alone now: our right hand man and best fellow has gone; Bess has gone where good dogs go."

I don't think I knew exactly what he meant, but I knew that it was pretty bad. The next day, while I was hitched in front of the door, I saw my master and his brother George (not the doctor) and his nephew preparing a box. I heard Master say — and I saw tears in his eyes — "How beautiful Bess looks! She truly has been a good soldier, and deserves the American flag." Then the three boys together, with Mistress looking on, lowered the box into a little grave which they had excavated in the back yard, and covered up the beautiful body of our Gordon setter.

Few animals, if any, ever had a brighter, happier, more useful life, or have been more sincerely mourned and "decently" buried than was our lovable Bess. I have heard people criticised for mourning the loss of animals, but I fully agree with Master that there is no

reason why a man should not mourn the loss of so faithful a friend and associate as Bess had been to our family for almost thirteen years.

Master says he wishes there were crematories for animals as there are for people; as it is so much better and easier to give one's friends to the pure, clean, beautiful flames, than to put them into the cold, damp, dark ground.

XL

ACCIDENTS TO OTHERS

[[THINK it a good record that, in twenty-five years of actual hard work upon the street, I have never but twice even come near hurting anyone. Once in Rock Island on Third Avenue in front of the Tuegler Block I was trotting along at a pretty good jog, when a drunken man reeled and staggered from the sidewalk right in front of me; and before I could possibly stop (my master jerked me so hard, and I myself tried to stop so quickly, I was thrown on my haunches), I had run into

and knocked the man heavily to the ground. We thought he must be badly injured. Master jumped out and ran to the man and helped him up, examined him to see if he were injured, and offered to take him home. On close inspection it was found that he was not hurt at all, but very much sobered. The man, a workman from the sawmill, apologized, said he was wholly to blame, and that it was a good warning to him to keep his head in the future.

The only other time that I just escaped injuring someone was on Beacon Street, Boston, at the Tremont Street crossing. There was a big crowd of teams and people. I was walking very slowly; and, just as I came to the crosswalk, a woman dodged under my very feet. I stepped on her dress, and of course that held her. Before I knew or thought what I was doing, I had put the other foot forward, and by this time had her dress skirt nearly torn off. We stopped and Master apologized and offered to pay for her dress.

Just then the policeman came up and said: "Mosey along; nobody to blame but the

woman. She ought to be very thankful she was not badly hurt. I saw her go right under the horse's nose, when she knew I had given the right of way to the teams."

We were very thankful, anyway, that no one was hurt.

XLI

THE DISAGREEMENT BETWEEN MASTER AND MYSELF

PERHAPS I ought not to use the above words, because as a matter of fact Master, Bess and myself have usually been of one mind; but I have told you how Bess once opposed our master: I must tell you of just one "falling-out" that he and I had.

It was after we came to Boston. For a number of years my master had a great deal to do with the church near where we live. There was never a fair or annual supper or anything that required the fixing up and decorating of the church that I was not impressed into service more or less: bringing potted plants, the

lumber to make booths, people who lived remote from the church; and, at the time of the entertainment or celebration, bringing the aged and infirm to the church, and taking them home afterwards. All of this I was very glad to do, because it seemed proper and in my line, and it pleased my master.

During the summer for a great many years my master had the care of fixing up and repairing the church. I don't mean that he actually did the work, but he had to see that it was done; and one day he was really helping the janitor fix the walk that leads to the church. The water had washed out the gravel from this walk down to the sidewalk, and there seemed to be no way to stop it. My master had found a big flat stone not far away that the workmen had left from some building operations, and he wanted to bring that up and place it square across the beginning of this walk, in order to prevent the gravel from washing down on the sidewalk. He and the man and the janitor of the church tried to bring it up, but it was too heavy. At last my master told

James, the man, to put a heavy collar and hames on me, which he did; and they rigged up some chains for traces and borrowed of Mr. Greenwood a whiffletree, and thus harnessed me to the rock.

I felt out of sorts and out of place to begin with; and, to tell the truth, a good deal disgusted; and yet I thought that I had always done whatever was asked of me, and I had better try to do this. When all was ready, James tried to lead me up the street. I started, expecting my load would come right along just as a buggy had always done, but it didn't; I pulled as hard as I usually pulled to start a buggy, and still it didn't move. Then Master came up, slapped his hands together and said: "Get up, Old Don, you are still working for the church; you can pull this rock"; but the chains began to hurt my hind legs, and right then and there I balked, — I made no further effort to pull. I didn't believe I could pull that rock, anyway; I felt that it was an indignity heaped upon me to ask me to do it, and I balked.

I heard my master say: "I don't blame him much. It is new work for him; it is not just his proper work. Take him off, James, and put him into the barn. We will get it some other way." Before I got half way to the barn the ice man came along with his great horses accustomed to pulling heavy loads. "Hold on there," he said, "I will take that up for you." He unhooked his off horse, attached him to the same chains and whiffletree from which they had just loosened me, and in less than five minutes they had in place the rock which I could not and would not pull.

We have never had any other disagreement. I think it is well when you are clearly imposed upon to show that you do not approve of it. I believe my master, and in fact all of the neighborhood, has had more respect for me ever since.

XLII

*SOME THINGS WHICH I KNOW
FROM EXPERIENCE*

IT is not my intention to moralize, and yet one cannot avoid it altogether; and I must speak of the things which have come directly in my way. If in so doing I can benefit others, then my book will serve the double purpose of detailing the interesting features of my life, and possibly improving the lot of other horses.

I want to call your attention to blinders: I have never been able to see any use in them, — some call them blinkers. I never wore them much and perhaps I am not the best judge of the good or harm that they do. Having worn them so very little, they naturally would be a great nuisance to me. It seems to me, however, that I have worn them enough so that if they were any use whatever I should have discovered it; and I have gone without blinders so many years, and have driven so many thousands of

miles without them, that if there was any good in them I should have missed it.

In the first place on a warm day they are very hot; in the second place they occupy such a position in relation to the eyes that it is positively painful to see even straight ahead. If you will notice, a horse's eyes are so placed that they see just as readily from side to side as they do straight ahead, and when the blinders come close to the side of the head and the eyes, they shut off nearly three-quarters of the vision; and really make it harder to see straight ahead.

There are owners and drivers of horses, too many of them, who seem to want a horse to be a machine, to have no responsibility or thought; and it sometimes seems almost as if they would like to have the horse blind. To such owners and drivers the blinders may be desirable; but it has always seemed to me that a horse was given eyes and a high grade of animal intelligence with which to see and understand; and that the horse is a better as well as a happier complement of man when he is so trained and driven as to aid and extend that

intelligence rather than to curtail and practically blot it out.

I believe that I have been a more useful horse in our business and have done better service for my master by not wearing blinders. I will admit that I have seen everything on the road and hence am never afraid of anything unless it be something positively new and which I do not understand, like the balloon; but I should have been equally afraid of that with blinders on, and perhaps more so. Without blinders I could see in all directions and knew that it was the only strange thing about me. Had I worn blinders, it seems to me that I might have imagined there were about me other things of the same character.

Possibly I have not been so good a driving horse by knowing exactly what was going on around me as well as in front of me, and I will admit further that I have usually tried to anticipate everything that my master wished. I always knew if he took the whip out, because I could see. I always knew whether there were one, two or more people in the carriage. Of

course I always knew perfectly whether it was a top carriage or an open buggy. I do not see any disadvantage in this. On the contrary it has been an advantage to me, and I think my master has so regarded it; and I believe, from my twenty-four years experience as a doctor's horse, that I have been more valuable, have done better work, have given more pleasure to my master, have been happier and more comfortable myself for not wearing blinders. I have given my testimony; you can take it for what it is worth.

I have been driven with a check as much as without one, and possibly I am able to give a valuable *ex parte* opinion. I know what it is to wear a check. I know what it is to go without it. I believe fully had I never worn a check I would have been a better, happier and more useful horse; and I am speaking of checking a horse in moderation. I was never checked high, and never wore the overdraw, — in my opinion the abomination of all checks. I know about the overdraw, have often seen it; in fact we have had horses in our barn that were

driven with it. They have always said it was very disagreeable and sometimes positively painful; it looks that way to me. A check-rein of the ordinary side-drawing kind, not buckled up tight enough to hold your head higher than you naturally would, is not particularly bad, but it leads to evil results I think. If a horse gets tired, or as he gets older, he learns to depend upon the check somewhat to hold his head up, whereas it would be much better for the horse always to depend upon himself.

The only real use that I can see for the check-rein is to keep a badly trained horse from grazing if he is standing where there is grass; and a much better method for preventing that sort of thing is the one to which my master has often resorted, not only in my own case but with other horses which we have had in the stable: that is, tying a knot in the lines, making them just short enough when dropped over the dash to prevent a horse from getting his head to the ground.

I believe that a horse rests much better when standing without the check, and that is

one very strong reason why at least a doctor's horse should never be checked. Of course there is occasionally a driver who loosens the check whenever he stops his horse, but I should say that was not one in fifty. If my experience of twenty-four years in active practical service is worth anything, I should like to state here in as emphatic language as I know how to use, that the check in all of its forms is a positive nuisance, a detriment to any horse; that in its more severe form, like the tight side-check or the overdraw, it has very grave objections.

The part of the harness which passes under the horse's tail is another source of great irritation when not properly adjusted. I myself have suffered much from this; and, although I cannot suggest a remedy, it does seem as if that might be done away with. I have heard Master say that if we did not check horses it would not be necessary to wear the crupper. For years at a time I have worn a harness *without either check or crupper*, and have been perfectly happy; nevertheless the modern way

of driving a horse without a breeching is, according to my thinking, an abomination. I have never been driven without one enough to know that I could not get used to it, but it seems to me, while the horse has less harness on, and perhaps looks better, there is much greater danger of hurting the back, and in fact of hurting the body, from buckling the girths of the jack-saddle as tightly as they have to be to hold all the weight of the carriage back when going down hill.

A collar, if it fits properly, is much easier in pulling a heavy carriage than what is known as the breast-plate, but it *must* fit. It cannot be too large or too small; the bevel must be just right to fit the shoulders, and the tugs must draw right from the hames. Also the imperfectly fitting jack-saddle upon the back causes much suffering, even if it does not wear off the hair and make an actual sore. Anybody would know, if he were to stop and think, that the constant wearing of the harness upon the body would hurt. Of course it is easier to tell a poorly-fitting harness after it has made a

sore, and few drivers are cruel enough to put on a harness after discovering it; but it is better to take much pains to learn that the harness does irritate and will make a sore than to make a horse wear it until the mischief is done. This has never happened to me, although at different times a new harness has hurt me; but I have seen on horses great sores made by the harness, and have heard other horses tell how their harnesses hurt them, and what awful sores they have had in the past from imperfectly fitting jack-saddles.

So my experience would lead me to do away with the blinkers, the check-rein, and the crupper, to make all other parts of the harness fit the particular horse upon which it is to be put, and watch closely that no parts gall; then I believe the horse would be more useful, would last longer and be happier.

One thing which I have neglected to speak of that causes much irritation is the buckle which fastens the breeching to the back-strap. It is always catching the horse's tail on one side or the other and rendering it for a long

time partially inactive. In "fly-time" this makes the horse suffer more than one would think, besides in time very much depleting the tail, his only weapon of defense at that season of the year.

I think many, perhaps the majority, of horses have to wear harnesses with all these objectionable features, because no one of the reformers, or people who favor such reforms, has suggested and seen to it that harness-makers manufacture the kind of harness that he has recommended; so that, when a man who perhaps favors the reform goes to his harness-maker, he cannot buy such a harness; and, needing one, he buys such as he can and puts it on his horse. You meet him on the street and he will say he does not approve of blinders, of check-reins, or cruppers, or improperly placed buckles; but he has not the ingenuity or force of character to make the corrections in his own harness that he believes in.

XLIII

BESS, THE BLACK MARE

I HOPE no one reading this book will confound Bess the horse with Bess the dog. Just why my master should have given the same name to these two members of his family I do not know. I know that Bess, the setter, came into the family almost as soon as I did, and lived with us all of those twelve years; but the horse did not come to us until long after Bess had passed away. I believe I heard my master say that my mistress called the horse after our faithful Bess.

I have already spoken of Bess in connection with other horses I have known and with whom I have lived. We (I mean Prince and myself) were living in a large stable near the bridge on Harvard Street, when Bess came to us a few months before we moved to our present home.

I didn't particularly like her at first. She seemed cross and disagreeable and snappy, and was always meddling. If she ever got

loose she wandered around the stable which was large, and where, of course, there were other horses. I remember one day she slipped her head out of the halter and went about eating up the other horses' bedding. She got behind a horse belonging to Dr. King, and he kicked her. Oh, he did kick an awful hole in her hind leg! It made us all fairly shudder; it was such a big hole and bled so much. When the doctor first saw it he said it was so big he could have put both fists into it. I remember how ugly Bess was when the doctor tried to dress it. She fought and kicked every time; but it finally got well.

This is not what I started to tell. I merely wanted properly to introduce Bess. Shortly after this happened we moved to the stable on Harvard and Gleason Streets in which I am now living. We went before the doctor's family moved into the house; but from the first day the man stayed on the premises. His name was Mike. He was a pretty good man, good to horses, but rather awkward. The second or third day he neglected to close the

trap door. The bedding and dressing were put down through this door from the stable into the cellar. I, of course, knew that the door was up; in fact I usually know about how things are in the stable. As it is my home, I am interested and always look around; and if things are out of place, I know it. I supposed that Bess and Prince knew the door was up, — I am sure Prince did, — but Bess was young and green, awkward and careless, and was always nosing around.

She wasn't hitched, and the rope which enclosed the stall was not up back of her; so the first thing I knew she was backing out. I supposed then she saw the open trap door, but evidently she did not, for suddenly down went her hind legs into that hole. I looked around and saw her forward legs and head sticking up through the hole; then they disappeared and I could see nothing. In a minute I heard her walking about down there munching the bedding. Bess was *such* a pig to eat; but I have heard Master say that she was young, and that all young horses want to

eat a lot. I don't believe I did when I was young.

In a few minutes Mike came in. Didn't he look scared! He saw at once that he had left the door up and that the mare was gone; and, looking through into the cellar, he saw Bess. I don't know why, but the first thing he did was to put down the trap door as if he thought Bess would come up out of there and get into more mischief. Then he went out and shut the barn doors.

Some men were working on the cellar to the new office which the doctor was building. Mike called them and in a minute I heard them digging very fast underneath me. I guessed then, what I afterwards learned, that they were digging a trench so that Bess could walk out of the cellar. There was no way that a horse, or man either for that matter, could get out of that cellar except through the windows, or back up through that trap door through which Bess had fallen.

The doctor had been in the stable only once or twice since we went over; but pretty soon

he came in. I could see how surprised he was when he discovered Bess was not there. He always talks to the horses, and, after a glance at the stalls, he said:

“Where is Bess? I guess Mike has taken her to the blacksmith’s.” The stable was new, and the doctor went about examining everything. One of the first things he did was to take hold of the trap door and lift it up; and I can even now see the look of astonishment that came on his face when he saw Bess down in the cellar munching bedding. When he found that she was not hurt, but appeared well and happy, and up to her usual occupation of eating, he began to figure how he could get her out. On opening the side door, he saw the men at work and knew at once what they were doing.

In less than thirty minutes from the time Bess fell in, Mike had a tunnel dug under the stable to her, and had led her up and into her stall, none the worse for her sudden fall.

One would suppose that would have cured her of her nosiness and curiosity and always

getting out of the stall when she could; but it did not. In fact you cannot blame a horse. I myself like to get out of my stall when I get a chance. I tell you sometimes it is a pretty tough life that a horse has to lead, particularly in hot weather in a close stable, either tied by the head or strapped up into small quarters. I shall be glad for horses when the time comes that they are allowed more room and more freedom.

I have been reading what I have written about Bess, and it doesn't seem exactly fair or complimentary. Bess really was a very fine horse. She was dark, black and very dark brown; long slim body; and when at her best she was dappled all over, almost spotted. Master often said that at certain seasons of the year her body was as pretty as that of a wild animal. In the four years that she lived in our family she did an immense amount of hard work, and was one of the most valuable horses we ever had.

The doctor sold her to go on a farm down at the Cape, because the stone roads were too

hard on her feet; and if she had very much to do she got quite lame. We were afraid that she would become a complete cripple if she lived in the city; so my master sold her at a very low price, on conditions that the man would agree to keep her on the farm, take good care of her, and not work her too hard.

XLIV

GRAMPIAN WAY

I AM going to tell a story which Prince, in ordinary horse language, told me; and which I have several times heard my master repeat to friends. I also have heard James tell the same story to his brother. This story clearly illustrates the influence that the human mind has upon the mind of the horse.

One evening in early spring my master received a hurried call to go to Mr. Skinner's residence on Grampian Way. Mr. Skinner told the doctor over the telephone that he feared his little boy Charles had another at-

tack of diphtheria. A year previous Charlie was very ill with diphtheria, his life hanging in the balance for many days; and of course Mr. Skinner was very anxious when he thought his little son had a recurrence of the dread disease. The doctor also, having had one experience with the case, was naturally apprehensive of another.

We knew when the doctor gave the order for a horse to be hitched that something rather unusual was the matter. Prince was selected. James hurriedly put on the harness, and before he was hitched the doctor was in the buggy ready to start.

As they went out of the door, the doctor told James that he was going to give Prince his head, that Prince would know, from the great pressure on the doctor's mind, what was wanted and where to go; and, before they reached the end of the drive-way and entered the street, the doctor dropped the lines upon the dash-board, took the whip and just touched Prince with it saying, "Now hurry, old man, right over to Charlie Skinner's."

James said: "Prince won't go there; — how does he know what you want?"

"You will see," insisted the doctor, "that Prince will take us directly to the house where we wish to go and I shall not touch the lines. More than that, we haven't been to the house for over a year; it is a long, crooked, circuitous route, and we have been going all winter to places and houses this side of it. The route lies, — first, Gleason to Harvard Streets, across Washington Street into Bowdoin Street, from Bowdoin Street into Hancock, Hancock to Pleasant, Pleasant and a right angle turn into Savin Hill Avenue. We have been a hundred times to places on this route during this year, but never once during the time have we been up Savin Hill as far as Grampian Way, and up Grampian Way to Mr. Skinner's house. We were there many — forty or fifty — times, a year ago; but Prince will take us by all the places where he has been in the last six months or a year, right over the bridge, the Old Colony Railroad tracks, up to Grampian Way, turn abruptly to the left and to Mr. Skinner's house."

All this is what the doctor told James, as they hurried into Harvard and along Harvard Street to Washington and Bowdoin. I do not pretend to say that Prince understood all that the doctor was saying to James, but the facts are as Prince told them to me, as I have heard the doctor tell repeatedly, as James told his brother. The doctor did not take up the lines once, or in any way indicate to Prince where he should go, except through the strong mental pressure that was upon his own brain to go to Mr. Skinner's house as soon as possible, and the strong desire that Mr. Skinner had for the doctor to be there at once. The facts are that Prince kept right on down Bowdoin Street until he came to Hancock, and then, without hesitation, turned to the right on Hancock Street; kept along Hancock until he came to the corner of Pleasant and Newport Streets turning square to the left into Pleasant Street, and along Pleasant Street until he came to Savin Hill Avenue; a right angle turn there to the right into Savin Hill Avenue; down Savin Hill Avenue, across Dorchester Avenue and up

over the bridge to Grampian Way, into Grampian Way, — and stopped in front of Mr. Skinner's house, *without a word of command or touch of the lines from the time he went out of the stable until he stopped, — in the exact place at which Master desired him to stop.*

I believe this story to the letter. I do not understand it; I cannot explain it. Neither could I have done it. I might have, had I been going there every day, and so had been familiar with the route; but under the circumstances I could not possibly have done it. I think the doctor has a more hypnotic influence upon Prince than he has upon me, or any other horse I ever knew.

XLV

CHARACTER IN HORSES

THE knowledge that I have of men, their standing and reputation and the estimate which is put upon them by their fellow-men, leads me to believe that man

understands man far better than he understands the horse. Some men are judged entirely from a physical or athletic standpoint; others from a moral, and others from a purely intellectual standpoint. So far as I have ever learned, man's only estimate of the horse is based upon his athletic or physical ability. In a general way men think one horse knows more than another, but they apparently do not admit that among horses there are intellectual giants, as there are among men. I believe, however, that there are.

This leads me to speak again of Prince. I have told you how susceptible he is to the influence of the human mind. I believe fully that Prince, while almost a pigmy physically, is intellectually a giant among horses. Of all the horses I have known (I have confessed that I have known intimately but few), Prince is pre-eminently, from a mental standpoint, superior to them all. He is to a great degree intuitive.

Prince has always known, before any other horse in the stable, — always before I did, —

what was going to happen. When the man comes into the barn he knows who is going to be harnessed; he understands at once from certain movements, certain mannerisms of the man or of our master, whether he is to be harnessed or whether I am, or Dolly or Bess, or whoever happens to be with us at the time. I think I have that faculty to a greater degree than most of the other horses which I have known; but Prince seems to know infinitely more in that direction than I do.

To illustrate:— Prince always knows (I do not believe he has ever failed to know), as soon as the man or my master comes into the barn, when it is he who is going to be hitched up. By certain motions, stepping round the stall and nervous movements of his head, he indicates clearly that he knows he is to be harnessed; and I have never known him to fail. I do not believe Dolly has ever had any definite idea whether she was to be taken or whether I was or Prince, or whether the man had come in simply to attend to his work about the stable.

A few times, when there has been some definite, positive motion, or manner, I have divined that I was to be the one taken out; but Prince really (and I want to be understood as speaking truthfully in this matter; I intend that whoever reads this shall believe it) always knows when he is to be chosen.

Not only that but I believe that he always knows when I am to be hitched up. He hates to have me go out. I think I should not be accused of being egotistical if I were to say that Prince dislikes very much to be separated from me, — no more, however, than I do. He shows his knowledge by a motion of his head, perhaps you might call it a certain caress that he gives me, by putting his nose over into my stall, when I am to be the one taken out.

The statement I am about to make now is partly from hearsay, and partly from positive knowledge: Prince always knows when I am coming back. I have heard him call before I entered the driveway and the man and my master say he will call when the very faintest sounds of my footsteps are heard upon the

road a long distance away, knowing the difference between the sounds of my approach and those of hundreds of other horses that pass and re-pass hourly.

XLVI

LIFE IN THE STABLE

AS I think over the contents of this book, it seems to me that I have not taken the reader (and I hope by this time all of the readers are my friends) into my stable often enough. Nothing is so intimately associated with every day of my life as is the stable. I am going to devote a chapter to the stable, to the one in which I have lived and to the things that we do.

In the first place it is awfully lonely for a horse when he is the only one in the stable. I have been alone very little, but enough to know that it is lonely. There is just one compensation: it seems as if his family comes oftener and stays longer when he is alone. I

know that when I have happened to be alone in the stable my master and mistress and all the members of the family have come oftener to see me, stayed longer and talked more to me. Of course if the stable happens to be near the house one is not so lonely, and especially in the summer when the doors are open and he can hear the work going on in the kitchen, and occasionally see the people in the house. Under those circumstances one soon feels almost as if he had company in the stable. Nevertheless it is very nice to have someone of your own kind with you.

During the last few years of my life there have always been three of us. For a while it was Bess the filly, and Prince, besides myself. I don't know why my master so arranged it, but I have always had the middle stall, Bess on my right, — and after Bess went away Dolly Gray, and Prince *always* upon my left. The stalls are so arranged that Prince and I are really closer together. We can get our heads together, and we talk and play.

I soon learned after Prince came to take off

his halter. He would hold up his head and turn it towards me, so that I could get at his left side; I would with my teeth unbuckle the halter, it would drop off and he would be loose. Then he would back out into the stable, get a drink and nose round. He never did anything bad, but it always seemed a good joke to me.

A hundred times before the man or my master discovered that I did it, they would find Prince loose, and wonder how he managed it; they would talk about it, and put the halter on him again, buckling it up tight, and in half an hour Prince would be loose again. I heard James and my master talking about it one day and Master said under his breath (he thought I didn't hear him), "I believe Old Don does it."

James didn't believe it: "I don't see how Old Don could do it; he could not reach over there."

"Well, Prince certainly could not do it himself; Old Don *must* be the culprit. Some day, when neither of the horses know that you are in the barn, you watch them and see how it is done."

Perhaps I felt a little proud of my achievement and didn't mind if I were discovered. Anyway, one day when I knew James was watching, I reached over and unbuckled the halter and Prince backed out of the stall and took a drink. Then James came out and slapped me good-naturedly on the back saying: "You rascal! You are the fellow that has been guilty of all this burglary." After that it became a regular thing; I had to unbuckle Prince's halter for my master and mistress and for people whom they brought into the stable; so for a while I was a real show horse.

Shortly after, the stalls were changed, and now we have ropes behind us instead of being tied with the halter. I can turn almost entirely round in my stall, but I cannot unbuckle the ropes that are behind us; and all I can do in the way of joking and fun is to bite Prince and see him kick up. Then I bite him in his neck and he throws up his head at me as savagely as if he were about to kill me.

These are some of the diversions that horses have; people call them horse-play; I don't see

that they are so much different from men's play. I think horses are like men, optimists and pessimists. I think I am of an optimistic temperament. I am usually happy. I have enjoyed life. I rarely ever feel sad or sober. I always have had enough to eat and good care, and never was overworked.

I must say, however, that I have slept a good many nights without bedding enough. I just wish people — all who own horses, anyway — could have a few nights upon a hard floor with only a few straws under them. I think then they would be more liberal with their straw for horses; so that, when lying down, their legs and body would not come in such close contact with the hard boards.

I wish the stalls were not so narrow, and that they were lighter. I don't see any reason why a horse should not stand where he could look out-of-doors and see the sunshine. It might not be well for his eyes to have the sun shine directly into them, but he ought to look out more into the sunshine, as it is usually his lot when not working to be always in the stable.

XLVII

THE RESCUE

WE have always taken great a deal of interest in nature as we have driven about the suburbs and the country; and if one is interested he sees many things, and has many experiences that people who are not interested fail to have.

We had a curious experience one day when we were driving down Canterbury Street, — a beautiful little stretch of road, with Franklin Park, on one side and broad fields on the other. It was a lovely, sunny day in June; I remember that the air was full of the songs of birds and the park and the fields were covered with beautiful flowers. The sheep, with their young lambs, were just over the wall in Franklin Park. I was jogging along, my master and mistress talking about the birds and the scenes before them, when all of a sudden we heard a peculiar noise. It didn't sound just like anything that we had ever heard before. I remember it distinctly; it was not the call of a bird; it was

more like a rustle or a rattle. It attracted my master's attention as soon as it did mine and we stopped opposite the spot where the sound seemed to come up out of the tall grass.

My master turned me so that he could get out, and as he jumped into the street I heard him say: "Why, that sounds queer, almost as I should think the rattle of a rattle-snake would sound. I never heard one, but — I wonder what it is!"

This frightened my mistress and she begged of him not to investigate; but he went along, whip in hand, parting the grass with the stick of the whip, peering down to see if he could discover what it was. The noise became louder and more distinct, and then it did seem more like the cry of a bird in distress. At this moment we discovered two parent song-sparrows hovering over the place and calling in great distress, and we thought it must be that one of their young had gotten into trouble down in the grass.

All at once my master saw a little young sparrow away down in the grass almost out of

sight. It was crying piteously. He reached down and took hold of it, but the little bird didn't come up, seemed to be held down by something. Bending nearer, Master discovered that the poor little bird was half swallowed by a great garter snake. I can see Master now as he drew back with a shudder of horror at the sight; but, with the butt of the whip, he brought down a smart blow upon the snake's back just behind his head, and the snake let go of the bird and slid away into the grass and under the wall.

My master took up the little quivering creature, bleeding but not much hurt, and put him on the wall, where his parents soon came and fluttered about him, spreading their wings protectingly over him, talking and sympathizing with him in their pretty bird way.

XLVIII

THE PARK SYSTEM

I SHOULDN'T feel that my autobiography was complete unless it contained one chapter describing in a general way that which has been one of the chief joys of all the years that I have lived in New England (which amounts to about half of my life), and that is, the Great Metropolitan Park System, — so called by man.

Beginning early in the spring of the year that we lived in Boston, nearly every fair day we took drives in the "Park System"; so I have seen more of the parks and reservations than I otherwise should have, more perhaps than many horses in Boston have seen.

We live right in the midst of the Park System, almost in Franklin Park, very near the Arnold Arboretum, within a few minutes drive of that gem of all parks, Jamaica Pond Park. Even I, as slow as I am at the present time, can go to the Blue Hills Reservation in thirty

minutes. In fact all of the parks that help to make up the great South Metropolitan Park System are within a few minutes drive of our house; hence I feel especially well qualified to tell about the Boston parks. I do not for a moment intend to claim that I, from my own experience, know all of the things which I am going to tell. Some of them I have heard my master tell; some, others have told in my presence, but a great deal of the knowledge I have gained through my own personal contact with the places described.

I have heard it said, and repeated a great many times, and by different people, that the Boston Metropolitan Park System is one of the largest, if not the largest, in the world; and that it is the most diversified, having hills (almost mountains), valleys, woodlands, rivers, lakes, glens, and almost every conceivable kind of landscape.

There are over twenty-two thousand square acres in the Park System, more than thirty square miles, and hundreds of miles of fine roads. There is that park of parks, Franklin

Park, at my very door, covering a territory of six hundred and seventy acres. I never tire of its beauty: of its trees, its stretches of field-land, its beautiful hills and valleys, the little lake, the ledges, the cultivated areas, that lovely glen where the tennis players have their courts, those most fascinating of all Nature's extravagances, the balancing rocks, — ten or a dozen immense boulders that seem to set so upon one edge that a breath of air would blow them over. There are the exquisite stone arch bridges and a hundred and one attractive things which I will not mention, as this is a casual description and not a catalogue.

I do not, however, want to forget the trees. Somewhere else in this book I have mentioned the trees of the West. I am not going to describe the trees in Franklin Park, but they are a never failing source of enjoyment to me. There is such a variety of kinds, — such a multiplicity of forms and shapes: all the natural forest trees of North America, as well as many foreign trees.

I not only enjoy the park in spring and

summer, but it gives me just as much pleasure in winter, and especially do I glory in those great strong, rugged forest trees, many of them bare of leaf. The park commissioners have taken much pains to provide for our pleasure and entertainment in the winter, in planting so many kinds of berries that, all through the late fall and winter, some parts of the park are especially beautiful on account of these spots of color. There are literally miles of the barberry with its warmth of color giving cheer and glow to the winter days. There are the bayberry and the honeysuckle, and the red and yellow of the bittersweet, as it peeps out at you from this bit of ledge, and that stretch of wall and hedge.

Then I have said nothing about the evergreens, the beautiful old pine trees, the newer cultivated pines, the spruce and the hemlocks, — and those four little hills near the Valley Gates, clustering round Schoolmaster's Hill, with what appears to be a small army of men on each hill, one army watching the other. They are little evergreens, each tree the size

of a man, occasionally one, a trifle larger, standing above the others, like a commander. How many times as we have driven down the road from the Refectory toward Valley Gates, have I heard my master say, "Now we are coming to the four armies." Visitors have said, "What have you on those hills? They look like armies of men." Really when I first saw them, I thought they must be men.

To do justice to Franklin Park, in summer or winter, would take the whole scope of my book. To me the next most beautiful part of our Park System is what is known as Jamaica Pond Park. It is largely Jamaica Pond, and around it are acres and acres of the most beautiful and attractive park lands, covered with if possible even finer forest trees than are those in Franklin Park.

If Franklin Park has armies on its four little hills, here we find a wonderful navy. On Jamaica Pond in the summer there are nearly a hundred beautiful white gun-boats, — so they look to the casual observer at a distance: and, as the squadron forms on the opposite side of

the lake, one is reminded of our own navy and its great white battle-ships. Of course I am describing the swans; one of the finest collections to be found anywhere can be seen on this Pond.

The prettiest little piece of road that I have ever seen is the Francis Parkman Road in Jamaica Pond Park. Near one end of it is the monument and bas-relief of Francis Parkman, erected to his memory upon what was said to be the spot where his house used to stand. I heard Master say one day, when he stopped in front of the monument with a party of friends, that it was erected to Francis Parkman's memory more because of his great love of nature and animals and people, and the prodigality with which he dispensed flowers and fruits to all who came near, than because of the fact that he was a great historian.

Even the birds remember him. Each year a beautiful Wilson thrush comes back to this spot; and almost any morning you may hear him from the topmost boughs of the beautiful

elms surrounding the monument singing praises of the man who once lived there and who loved all nature.

Then comes Olmstead Park, the Fenways, and so on to the north of the city. I will say nothing more of those parks, however, but go back to perhaps the most wonderful and noted one of all. While it does not belong to the Metropolitan Park Commission, the people have almost the same privileges in it that they do in all of the other parks. I refer now to the Arnold Arboretum, which belongs to Harvard University, and which is used, as everyone knows, for the purpose of studying, as far as possible and as soon as possible, every known and unknown variety of plant and tree and shrub. I have heard Master say that this particular part of our Park System made him think of our country as a whole; because in it are mingled nearly all varieties of plant life, trees and shrubs in the known world; as does our country include among its inhabitants peoples from every land, every country, every clime; and as there may be heard in the United

States practically every tongue that is spoken anywhere in the whole world.

There are, also, the Charles River Reservation and the Stony Brook Reservation, the Great Blue Hills Reservation and the Neponset River Reservation, all together making an area almost as large as a township, — most wonderful in their scenic effect, with scores and scores of miles of beautiful drives that have given us the greatest pleasure in studying nature in New England.

The Blue Hills Reservation alone contains over five thousand acres of land, and is in many ways one of the most, if not the most, wonderful of all the Metropolitan Parks. It is more like the great national reservations. Although large areas have not been penetrated by roads, yet there are miles upon miles of drives all through these regions. The reservation consists of a series of hills or small mountains. The sides of many of them are very precipitous and the surface is made up of crags, canyons and gulches, little secluded glens, with many beautiful stretches of natural

woodland, brooks and waterfalls, — everything which so attracts the lover of nature.

I have repeatedly been all through the drives in this reservation, but of course I have never been on Big Blue, as there is only provision made for equestrians, and I have never worn the saddle. I have been hitched many times, however, by the bridle-path which leads to the summit. I have from a distance seen the observatory on its summit, and I have heard my master describe the beauties of a sunset, as viewed from that point. He says this would be a wonderful world if everybody had a horizon like that of Big Blue.

Going in another direction from Franklin Park we have the beautiful Columbia Road and Strandway Drive to Marine Park. While Marine Park is not so large, it is unique in character and very interesting; although I seldom go there because there are so many people. We prefer to go where Nature has been left to her more rugged moods.

I have not been in the parks at the north of the city, but I have heard about the Lynn

Woods and the Middlesex Fells, and know that there are large and beautiful parks and reservations.

One thing I should like to say, — perhaps I ought not to, as I do not wish to offend anyone: personally I care very little about automobiles, and am never frightened by them, yet I must confess they are a nuisance to me as they must be to all horses. To say it, may be selfish, but it is a comfort to know, and I am glad, that they are permitted on so few of the park roads; so that we people can still loiter along these roads, without fear of molestation or ^tof being buried in dust by the automobile.

XLIX

CHILDREN

A GREAT many children have been associated with my life. It is not my intention to give their names. Most of them by this time are no longer children

but are grown up men and women, and perhaps have horses of their own. How many hundred times in all of the years that I have been in the business upon the streets have children stopped and talked to me, and in their timid childish way put out their tiny hands and touched me somewhere; and when I have reached my nose out to them so they could touch it, I have heard their little frightened screams and seen them jump back; — and then someone bolder than the others has cautiously come up and just touched the tip of my nose. Sometimes it almost makes me cross but usually I have felt like laughing: — as if I, a great big horse weighing eleven hundred pounds, would injure one of those mites, when I have spent the greater portion of my twenty-seven years trying to save their lives and the lives of their parents and brothers and sisters!

I have thought a lot about children. Most of them have good hearts: I do not remember of a child that ever tried to tease me or throw snow-balls or stones at me. They are more apt to want to give me things to eat. If all the

apples were measured that children have given me, there would be bushels and barrels, — and the grass! I have spoken of grass a great many times in this story, and said that I have hardly ever had any since I was a colt. I meant that I hadn't been out and eaten it myself; but I have had it — *tons* I was going to say — that the children have picked for me at the roadsides and held up to my mouth while I ate it. While of course grass so picked is not so sweet and tender as it is in the pastures, it is very refreshing, nevertheless, to a tired horse on a hot day to have some nice, cool, green grass.

Oh, I love children, every one of them. To be sure they are sometimes an annoyance: when I am driving along the street, they dodge in front of me, and my heart has almost stopped beating many times for fear I should step on them. Some people think a horse would just as soon step on a child as not. I have been fortunate: I have never stepped on a child. I believe if I had I never should have gotten over it.

I once knew a horse that accidentally stepped on a little child's head and so injured the poor little girl that, although she was taken to the hospital and everything done that it was possible to do, her little life could not be saved. I hope that poor horse never fully realized what he did. The little child was a patient of ours, and my master was called immediately to see her. I know how badly he felt and all of the family and all of the friends, and how much everyone suffered. It always seemed to me that someone ought to have given at least one thought to the poor horse who unintentionally and unwittingly put his great heavy foot upon the delicate little girl's head.

I never saw the horse. I simply have heard my master tell how it happened; and although he was so sorry for the people who lost the baby girl and for the loss of the dear little thing, he always felt that the poor horse must have suffered a great deal in his horse way as well as all others connected with the very sad affair.

I didn't intend to tell this story; but chil-

dren have been so much on my mind. You hardly are aware until you stop to think of it, that a horse, when he is out of the barn upon the road, is rarely for a single moment out of sight of children; and really my heart has been in my mouth so many times from the close calls we have had, that I could not resist telling this sad little story, and saying how very, very thankful I am that I have never personally had any such experience.


I have heard people call horses fools because they have done something which, from the man's standpoint, they ought not to have done — like running into another team or running over persons in the road, and similar accidents; but those very people are the ones who almost blind a horse with the horrible blinkers, and who hold the head so high that the poor horse can see only straight ahead, and at that almost straight up in the air. They are usually the ones who want and train a horse to have absolutely no mind or will of his own, but to do like a machine only the will of the driver; and then they drive the horse directly upon someone

and, because they failed to see that person or team, they blame the horse and scold and whip him.

The way to train and break a horse is to develop and make use of his splendid intelligence as well as his wonderful physical power and ability. These, coupled with a confidence in the driver and a driver worthy of that confidence, — one who loves and understands his horse, — give to man one of his greatest helps in business and pleasure, and a companion of no mean order; and make a comfortable, useful member of the society of the higher order of animals.

L

“DA’ FOO’!”

 VERY amusing little incident happened in our daily rounds a year or two ago. It was, I remember, a very cold day in December and we had been out all the morning. My master had in the carriage that day one of his patients, a lady who was ill with some

affection that required her to be constantly, or at least as much as possible, in the open air. We have often taken such patients with us, and I always enjoy this part of the work because, when my master has someone with him he talks more and I learn a lot of things that otherwise I should never know.

This morning about eleven o'clock we had to make a call way over on Centre Street where we had been going two or three times a day for two weeks. I have heard my master say that he had a very sick baby girl in there; and I know she must have been very sick, as my master always seemed anxious and much worried when he came out after making usually a long visit. On the morning in question it seemed as if he were in the house even longer than usual. Perhaps he wasn't; it seemed long to me because it was so very cold, although I was carefully protected with two heavy blankets and the patient in the carriage was wrapped in fur robes.

I felt sure the little patient was better when my master did come out, because he looked

and acted very much pleased. As he took off my blankets he patted me and said: "It's too bad, Old Don, to make you stand so long in the cold; but don't you mind! my little girl is better and it took me some time to do all the things that I had to do."

Now comes the funny part of my story, and I am going to give it in my master's own language as he told it to the patient while we were driving home: —

"My patient in that house is a little child only eighteen months old. She has been very, very ill with pneumonia and complications. I have been exceedingly anxious about her. It seemed to me for three or four days that she could not possibly recover, and she is such a bright, sunny-haired, dear little baby, — I thought I couldn't let her go! I have spent hours there in the last two weeks, watching the case and studying the symptoms, hoping each day to see some sign of improvement.

"This morning when I got into the house the mother seemed very bright and cheerful. As soon as I opened the door she said: 'I be-

lieve Helen is better. She slept well last night; she seemed better when she awoke. She has taken her nourishment and has just now dropped asleep.’

“I talked with her a few minutes and then tiptoed into the room and bent over the crib. I evidently disturbed her, for she moved and opened her eyes. She looked very sweet, but there was a mature expression in her baby face due to the suffering she had endured.

“In my pleasantest, blandest voice I said: ‘How is my little Helen this morning?’ She gave me one look of unutterable disgust, as if that were the most idiotic question any sensible man could ask, then closing her eyes she turned away her head and said explosively: ‘Da’ foo’!’

“I have been squelched by my patients a great many times, but I never had anything said to me so entirely apropos as Baby Helen’s ‘Da’ foo’!’

“I ought to explain where Helen got such words. She has a brother five years old, who has just begun to play out with the boys, and he has been bringing in to his little sister some

choice expressions. I suppose this is the latest, and she served it on me."

As we drove on, the little episode seemed to furnish a lot of amusement to the patient and to my master; and I have heard him refer to it many times since as one of the bright spots — cases he called them — in his naturally more or less humdrum life.

LI

TEDDY

I GUESS Teddy is a common name: I hear people tell about "Teddy bears," and I have known children by the name of Teddy; — I think it is a common name, but there is only one Teddy to me, and that is the dearest, most lovable, affectionate little black dog, with long shaggy ears and long shaggy hair, and the least little stub of a tail. Such a tail! it really makes a horse laugh to see Teddy, when he is pleased, try to wag that little piece of a tail.

I only see Teddy once in a while. I wish I could see him often; I wish he lived with us in the barn: he would be such company. Of course Teddy has never taken Gyp's or Bess's place in my life, because he is too small and too fat and rolypoly to run and play with me; but he is so lovable.

He doesn't live with us; he has never belonged to us; but he has always for eight years lived near us, so that every day or every week I have seen him just for a little time. You see he is in a way related to us, because he belongs to Prince's master; but Prince always stays here and Teddy stays at home with his master.

Did I ever tell you that Prince does not really belong to us? He has lived with us ever since the second year that we came to Boston and my master uses him a good deal of the time, — always in the winter; but in the summer when it is pleasant Prince's own people (neighbors of ours) drive him somewhat. In that way he goes to Teddy's house oftener than any of the rest of us do, and Teddy is more associated with Prince than with me or

with Bess or Dolly. I hardly ever think of Prince as not belonging to us; because he has been more constantly with me, and for a longer time than any mate I ever had. I don't know what I should do if Prince ever went away. I heard Master say, and I have heard Prince's master say, that they would "never separate Don and Prince." I hope they won't.

I was telling you about Teddy. One summer he came to stay with us while his master and all the family were away in the mountains. All of us horses got to love that dog almost more than we loved each other. This was before Dolly came; then we had Bess, the mare that fell through the floor.

Although Teddy was in the house most of the time with our mistress, he came to the barn many times every day. I can remember his standing behind Prince and barking, and making a tremendous noise for such a little fellow. I thought he wanted us to go out. He liked to go out with any of the horses, particularly with Prince; but he had to ride. He would think he was going to run, and would make a great

lot of pretense, but by the time he had run a block he would be glad to get into the buggy.

Teddy never seemed homesick here; but, after he had been with us about a month, he became ill. We all noticed that he didn't seem natural, and our mistress spoke of it (Master was away at the time on his vacation). She tried to doctor Teddy, — petted and fed him very carefully, and gave him some medicine. Still he grew worse, and as he became sicker he didn't come to the barn; he wandered away and lay down under the shrubs. So many times Mistress lost him, and I would see her out in the grounds hunting for him.

One day she lost him entirely; Teddy could not be found anywhere. Mistress telephoned all over the neighborhood, had half a dozen boys out looking for him, and she took Prince and drove all about trying to find poor little sick Teddy; but she could not find him and we all felt badly to think he was lost. After he had been gone for about a day, some neighbor away off on another street telephoned that they had found him. She said he was nearly ex-

hausted and was lying down out of sight under a shrub.

I tell you Mistress had me hitched up in a hurry and we went over there at my quickest pace. We found poor little Teddy too sick to rise. Mistress had the man lift him carefully into the buggy; we drove home and she took him into the house. Although our master was in another state, a hundred miles away, she telephoned him to ask what she should do for the little sick dog. He telephoned back instructions and medicines to give, and told her to keep close watch of Teddy; because animals are not like men when they are sick and suffering: rather than make any trouble they prefer to get off alone and out of sight; and he said if we didn't watch Teddy closely he might again crawl away.

The care, the food and the medicine seemed to help him and in a day or two he was a good deal better. In less than a week he was out, apparently brighter and happier than ever.

I don't see why it is that something bad always happened to our dogs; but Teddy is still

with us, seemingly as young and happy, and jolly and lovable as ever.

LII

THANKSGIVING

AS I draw near the close of this book, I am tempted to tell something which happened very recently. The only reason I have hesitated to tell it is that it might reflect somewhat upon my master; and I don't wish to cast any reflection upon him, because he has always intended to be very kind to me and give me the best of everything, and has always done so when it has been within his power or knowledge.

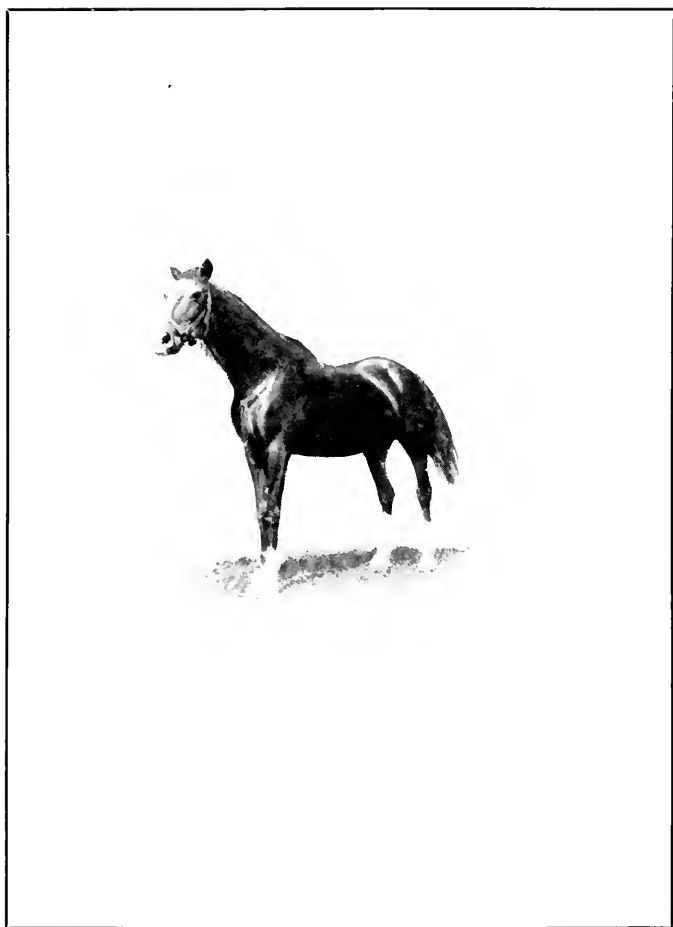
I might say here that I think my master, and probably other owners of horses, have often trusted too much to the judgment, the intelligence, and honesty of the man in the stable. We have as a rule been fortunate; we have had good men and I have usually received good care; this occurrence does not have so much

to do with my food as with what we might call the sentimental side of my life.

Only a little while ago we had a man for a short time, a very good man: knew a lot about horses, fed us well, took good care of us, but he didn't understand our natures. He didn't like the way we stood in the barn. He wanted me to stand in Prince's place; he wanted Prince to stand in Dolly's place; he wanted Dolly to stand in my place, and so we were put in those positions.

Well now, I believe but few people can understand just what that means. We had stood in the other places for years. Prince was where I could reach over and nip his neck whenever I wanted to, and could pull off his blanket. Prince could reach over and nip my ear; and we spent hours every day playing together in that way. Perhaps you think a horse twenty-seven years of age is too old to play, — not if he is a sound, healthy horse! Horses are like men: if normal they are never too old to play. What would we do to pass the time away?

In the new positions, Prince was entirely re-



D O N

A Photograph at Twenty-five

moved from me; I could not touch him. Neither could I reach Dolly, because my position was changed so I could not reach over the stall. I was chugged up in a corner in a stall much too small for me, a stall that my master had intended for Prince. We stood that way for a week. I could not eat; I could not sleep; I didn't rest. My master came out after we had been standing in this position for a while and exclaimed, "Why, Joseph, what have you got the horses in those positions for?"

"It is the way I found them, sir."

"You found them that way?"

"Yes, sir; that is just as they were when I came here."

You see that Karl was here only a month, stopping a while between men, and at the end of his stay he changed us. A day or two afterwards he was gone, and when Joseph came he supposed that we were in our usual places. My master talked to Joseph about it and said, "We will change them back as they were before." At that moment the bell rang and my master went into the house. It was at a time

when he was very busy and another week had passed before it came to his mind again. Then Mistress called his attention to it. I heard her say as she came into the barn:

“Old Don doesn’t seem well. He is too quiet. What have you got him in Prince’s stall for? I don’t believe he is comfortable there. He acts awfully sober.”

Master came in and patted me. “Why, Don,” he said, “don’t you like your stall? I don’t blame you. It’s too small; you have no business here. I will change you back myself”; — and as he came up to my feed-box, he exclaimed: “Poor old fellow! You haven’t eaten your supper; you haven’t eaten your oats or your hay. How thin you are!”

Both my master and mistress were very much distressed when they understood how I had suffered in the three or four weeks that I had stood that way. It was an evening when Joseph was away and my master immediately changed us all around: gave me my own stall, put Prince back where I could see and reach him. Mistress went down cellar and brought

me a whole pail of apples, and Prince had apples and Dolly had an extra quart of oats. This was on Thanksgiving Day and I tell you it was the most blessed Thanksgiving Day that I ever passed. I really believe that in another month I should have been dead.

When they put me back into my own stall, I dipped into the pail of apples and they did taste good. I stopped long enough to reach over and bite Prince on the neck and his little limber heels flew clear to the ceiling. It seemed as if we were living again.

And then people think that horses have no feelings, no sentiment!

LIII

THE LAST WORD

THE chapter on Thanksgiving brings me to the end of my book, and I am rather sorry; for I assure you the year that I have spent in writing it has been one of the happiest years of my life. I have lived over all

of the pleasantest scenes and episodes of my life; and, as I stand here in my stall, day after day, doing what I know, as well as anyone, is no real work, since whatever I do is for my own good, I cannot help feeling that perhaps I am getting near the end of my life as well as the end of my book. Well, that is as it should be: an autobiography is the history of the life of a person or individual, written by himself; and, if I have written an autobiography, why isn't my life naturally pretty nearly lived? I know my master feels that way. Although he doesn't believe in anybody's growing old (I have told you his opinion of age and of sickness, and that as long as anyone is living he may be useful), yet, in spite of his theory, I believe, I know that I am growing old, that I am old for a horse; and my master knows it, for I have heard him many times talking about it to my mistress or to the man or to friends who were visiting him. I have heard him make plans about what he would do with Old Don if he became sick and suffered, and it would seem as if he were not going to get well, — how

he would himself give Old Don chloroform, so that he need not suffer longer or realize when the end came.

Sometimes it has made me sad, and again I have really laughed to think my master should imagine that he could give me, Old Don, chloroform. Why! he could no more chloroform me than he could chloroform his brother. Always, after talking in that way, he is especially kind to me: visits me oftener, pats me more and does little things for my comfort. Oh, I am not afraid that my master will chloroform me. I don't think much about it. It doesn't trouble me; and yet I sometimes wonder what Prince would do if I were not here, — and then, to tell you the truth, it is harder for me to realize what I should do if Prince were not here. It doesn't seem to me that I could stand it to have him taken away from me.

Last fall Prince's master thought that Prince was too old to work, and that perhaps he ought to be put in a home for old horses; and I think he did really for a while seriously consider sending Prince to Red Acre. My master and

mistress went out there one day to see what sort of a place it was and if it were really a good home for sick, lame and old horses. Possibly they had in mind that it might be a good place for Old Don. I rather think, however, it was on account of their interest in old horses in general, and because they wished to see Red Acre for themselves.

I heard Master telling the man when he came back, that it was a beautiful farm out in Stow, Massachusetts, about twenty miles from Boston. A lady by the name of Miss Bird, had given the farm, which was her old homestead, and was devoting her own life, to the enterprise. Beautiful stables had been built and it was a real home for aged, infirm and sick horses. At that time thirty horses were there, of all ages and conditions of life; and they were well fed and well cared for, and seemed contented and happy. My master was very enthusiastic over it; and I believe that before the Thanksgiving episode he had quite an idea that possibly it would be a good place for Prince to go to, and that eventually I might

go there myself; but that Thanksgiving experience was an eye-opener. Master has always felt that he knew a lot about horses, about their sentiments and their emotional natures, but I am of the opinion that that experience awoke in him a new sense of the depths of feeling in horses and I am sure now he would never willingly separate Prince and me. I am also sure that Prince's master would never willingly separate us. That possibility is the only thing that worries me.

I know that my master would never let me go away from home. It is not egotism for me to say that I could get along without my master just as well as he could without me, although I am not working; and it is a pretty comfortable feeling, after your work is really done, to know that you have earned a place not only in the stable but in the hearts and affections of your people, and that they do not begrudge you the handful of oats or the wisps of hay that you eat; that there is more danger of being overfed, overpetted and overblanketed. Life looks pretty rosy to me. I really never

have a want: I am never hungry, never cold, I was almost going to say never lonesome, never tired.

I don't believe I would swap places with one of Rockefeller's horses.

